

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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*The Fire-Eater.* 12mo. pp. 368. Edinburgh, J. Anderson, Jun.; London, Simpkin & Marshall. 1823.

On taking up this work, its title, "*The Fire-Eater*," led us into very erroneous conclusions. We sat down prepared for some wild dream of German romance, founded on the terrible but striking superstitions of the North; or some of the more splendid conceptions of the South, some tale of "sunbright Araby;" but we soon found that in France, just after the battle of Waterloo, it was in vain to look for any except mere flesh and blood actors. Indeed the *Fire-Eater* seems to be so called without any adequate reason; but "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet;" and we are not much inclined to quarrel with a pathetic and pleasing tale because its title is rather striking than suitable, since the *Fire-Eater* is only one of the many disguises assumed by its hero. Its principal fault is its diffuseness; the whole interest lies in the fate of Pauline and Duchesne; and the sketches of French manners, customs, and all the *et ceteras* that fill up the tourist's notebook, though both animated and well written, often interrupt the thread of the narrative and weaken its effect. The story is told by a young English officer, whose admiration for a beautiful French girl involves him in some perilous adventures, which, like a true knight, he bears gallantly for the sake of his mistress; but an avowal of his love produces the discovery of her history, and of her union with another. Left (with one brother scarce older than herself) quite destitute by her father, whom a change in government had ruined; an innkeeper of the town, in memory of the gratitude he owed her family, adopts her as his child; and it is under his roof that our Englishman has met her. He leaves France, and leaves Pauline a bright and beautiful creature, in whose light-heartedness and buoyancy of spirits we are fain to read a prophecy of happiness. On his return he finds her the wretched and self-immolated wife, the despairing mother. She has wedded Duchesne—wedded him in the lowest ebb of his fortune, with all the devoted tenderness which seeks but for happiness in the depths of its affection, and in all the misery to which, as the principal organizer of a detected conspiracy, he is exposed. Hitherto he has eluded all attempts of apprehension; but at the market-place of Cambray he is made prisoner in the disguise of a fire-eater. But we shall here let the tale speak for itself, first of all premising that the prisoners fall into our Officer's custody, the assistance of an English guard having been requested by the *Maire*:

"When I entered, the guard, with the fire-eater, his wife and child, were clustered together near a blazing mass of small coal and billets of wood, which burned on an immense hearth-stone, and hissed and crackled as the rain poured through the wide chimney above. In the obscurity, in the extremity of the room, a private, who next day was to be

flogged preparatory to being sent to a foreign regiment, lay sound asleep on a bed of a few uncovered boards. I was hastily advancing, but paused, and shuddered with sickness at heart, when I found my fears realized, and saw in the prisoner my friend Duchesne.

"He was standing with folded arms, his eyes bent on the fire, his face marked and stained, and his whole appearance disfigured.—Occasionally he impatiently beat his feet on the ground, a smile of contempt played on his lips, and I thought I could perceive, as he scowled on one of the soldiers who pressed upon him, some remains of that singular deformity with which he could so effectually disguise his features.

"I turned with anxiety towards his companion: She was sitting on the ground, and supporting her head on her knees,—her hair hung dishevelled over her shoulders, and partially concealed a soiled and torn gown, which, drenched with rain, clung closely to her form. Her eyes were intently fixed on her little child who slept near the fire, and was almost hid by the smoke and steam which arose from its wet clothes. In the pale cheeks and haggard lineaments of the mother, I could see no trace of the bewitching girl, who, little more than a twelvemonth before, had almost entirely absorbed my thoughts,—and I exulted that she was *not* the wretch before me. But the delusion was momentary.—As I stepped up closer, the glare of the fire reflecting on the red cloak which hung on one shoulder and lay in folds in her lap, gave a flush to her face, and, as she slightly varied her posture, I could no longer doubt that Duchesne had involved in his misery the lovely, affectionate, devoted Pauline.

"I wished to speak to her; but I paused to obtain sufficient self-possession, lest I should expose myself to my men. The sergeant with the guard were now walking about, and the clanking of their heavy swords on the pavement was the only interruption to the dreary silence. Near me a police or municipal officer, belonging to Bapaume, was disentangling a cord which I supposed he meant to convert into a fetter. In a few moments he rudely seized Duchesne, who as instantaneously shook him off. I did not know how to act; but one of the soldiers stepping up, and with brawny arm holding Duchesne fast, I felt an abhorrence at the fellow's officiously lending himself to the ungracious task, and sprang forward to mark him. In my precipitation I struck my head against a beam which jutted from the wall, and from which were generally suspended the men's great-coats and carabines. My helmet fell, and, before I recovered it, I had time to recollect myself, and refrain from giving to my men the first example of insubordination.

"The noise attracted Duchesne's attention. He immediately recognised me, and, with a smile, which seemed to convey my idea rather than that of merriment, familiarly addressed me:—'Welcome, Sir; our last meeting (we

will say nothing of the first,) was fully as pleasant as this,—notwithstanding José's Normandies tried your patience. Times have much changed,—you were then my prisoner in that *maudite patache*; at present I am yours.'

"Pauline was roused by her husband's voice. She turned, and, gazing on my face for a moment, sprang up, and made the roof ring with her tumultuous rejoicing. 'We are saved, we are saved!' she exclaimed, 'once more my husband is mine. Oh! Monsieur le Capitaine, you are indeed still the warm, kind-hearted Englishman. But let us not tarry here. This is no place of rest:—Soldiers! let us pass; your Captain commands.'

"Every word she uttered came with a pang to my heart. I mournfully shook my head, and turned away to conceal my emotion. Her eyes flashed, and her brow clouded as if some hateful idea rose in her mind. Then, all becoming peace and serenity, she, with an expression of ineffable innocence; again addressed me:—

"My child's first words shall bless you; I shall teach it to lip your name. In its little prayers you shall be remembered. Duchesne, this is *le bon Capitaine*,—you cannot forget him; all the village poured their blessings on him when he left it. His heart and hand were always open to relieve misery; and are not we wretched? Besides, recollect times past. Did not you once wish to hold a place here?—and she put her hand to her bosom, and affected to assume a look of archness, fearfully contrasted with her sunk eye and hollow cheek,—but her effort was in vain, and she burst into tears.

"Suddenly she recovered herself, and, acquiring energy as the suspicion revived that the appeal was hopeless.—'Do you hesitate?' she said—once you begged that I would pardon your indiscretion—now be bold—be resolute. My husband is on the verge of the grave—exposed to an ignominious death. You, with one strong grasp, can save. Put forth, then, your hand—rescue him—for, as sure as that lightning flashes past my eyes, the same spot shall hold us both. Ay, living or dead, we will descend together into the tomb. Oh! look not thus, but act—a word will be enough—your men burn to obey you: Alas! are their hearts less hard than yours?—and what see they in this poor emaciated form to kindle their emotions? Let me conjure you,' she added, with increasing vehemence, 'by every tie dear to you—by the services my husband once did—by mine—by your own goodness—by the love you once professed—which was almost returned'—And she threw herself at my feet, and clung to my knees.

"If the world had been at stake I could not articulate a syllable. A chillness impeded the pulsation of my heart—my head became dizzy—the appeal was made by Pauline—life was asked, the gift was in my power—and yet I dared not grant the boon.

"What! she suddenly exclaimed, rising from the ground with frantic vehemence;

'You are afraid? Oh, dare you not?—or, worse—are you, after all, a hollow friend? When the sunshine of happiness glowed around me, what professions were too strong for you. Now, when the winter of misery has chilled and shrivelled this face, and driven the colour from these cheeks, you forget—you hesitate—you fear—you see my wretchedness without compassion, and allow my breast to be convulsed with agony, when, with a word, you could restore peace, and soothe the wild throbbing of my heart. Do you not hear me, that you answer not? It is no phantom, no impostor, who entreates you. I am Pauline—the adopted daughter of Monsieur Bernarde—the peasant girl of Haut-court—she whom, in the fulness of your heart, you would have called your own;—but her hand was pledged to him who now is also a suppliant for mercy. Or does the dark cloud which seems to hang before my eyes shut me from your vision?—Am I indeed deserted?—No, no!' she added, with a strange, bewildered gaze, as she seized my arm—'I have these fast, and here will I cling till you relent—my very infant joins me. Can you refuse the outstretched arms of my child?'

'The little creature, basking in the warmth of the fire, had grasped some crisped and dried leaves on the floor, and, in happy ignorance of the misery around, was smiling in its play. 'Speak!' Pauline resumed; 'our destiny is in your hands;—do we live or die—husband—mother—child?' But nature could not endure the conflict, and she again fell at my feet.

'I looked towards my men, and saw that I had but to wave my arm and the prisoners would be free. I forgot prudence—my duty—my orders—and was on the point of uttering the word, when Duchesne stepped forward.—'Stop!' he said, 'think what you are about to do. I have been a soldier, and know a soldier's duty. Your honour is at stake. I would not, at the price of its forfeiture, purchase the life even of my wife and child. I was wrong, deeply wrong, to allow you to be thus solicited. I know that, at this moment, you suffer little less than myself, but you must conquer your feelings. Your duty is peremptory. I am in your custody, and shall remain so. I shall not stir an inch from this place though this moment you threw the doors open for my passage. I am resolved, and changeableness is no part of Duchesne's character.'

Duchesne is however brought to trial:

'Duchesne stood at the bar. He was dressed in the uniform of the regiment to which he had belonged, and was decorated with a profusion of orders and military honours. Pale and thoughtful, his features, while they seemed to indicate complete dominion over the feelings of his heart, still betrayed the struggle which he had undergone to obtain the mastery. Once he looked around, as the crowd, notwithstanding all the efforts of the attendants on the court, pressed on him, to gain a sight of an individual whose probable fate had created general interest. He recognised a friend, probably some old companion in arms, and a glow of animation spread over his face; but, as his eyes fell on Pauline, leaning against the bar, absorbed in deep expectancy, and intently gazing on the judges, a slight motion of his lips, and a faint hectic flush on his forehead, told how unsuccessful he had been in conquering the emotions with which her misery wrung his heart. Suddenly he per-

ceived me. Stern composure again marked his countenance—he waved his hand towards me with calmness and dignity. I thought he glanced his eyes towards the honourable testimonies of his military services, as if contrasting his present appearance with the humble garb which he wore when we formerly had met. He drew himself up, and beckoned to me to approach. Is it possible, I thought, that this person can be Duchesne? the obscure lowly individual seeking a livelihood or concealment in the most degrading and menial employments; and my imagination painted him at Oisic—at Arras—in the cavern—at the fete—at Haut-Escalles—and in the market-place.'

The exertions of the Officer obtain for Duchesne a reprieve. Dreading the least delay, he bears it himself, and arrives at the little town assigned for his execution:

'Careless of the rude and broken cause-way, over which the horse with difficulty kept its footing, I pushed forward,—I gained the opening to the place.—I saw a crowd of people, and distinguished the guillotine in the centre,—all was silent, and I was yet in time.—I struck my spurs rowel-deep,—I endeavoured to aid and lift my horse with the bridle.—I leant down to present the least resistance to the air,—I passed like lightning. As I approached nearer I sought to attract attention,—but every eye was bent on the sad spectacle:—I raised myself in the stirrups,—I waved my hat in the air,—I shouted with my utmost force,—I drove through the crowd. I reached the bottom of the scaffold, and sprung from my horse as the axe descended through the groove, and dropped with a sullen and hollow sound.

'A cry of pity—a murmur like the noise of many waters reached my ears—and I saw the crowd slowly retiring.' - - -

On this work our extracts have been our criticism. It might have been better, it might have been worse; but it is of a kind we are glad to see come forth, sans pretension, but interesting and affecting, and appealing to the best feelings in our nature.

*Grace Abounding, in the Life of John Dagley; including his call to, and work in the Ministry. In Lines. Written by Himself. Colleshill, printed for the Author. 12mo. pp. 128.*

DAN SOUTHEY has christened Lord Byron's the Satanic School of poetry; John Dagley, "on the other," styles his the Ebenezer and Godly school. Yet with all this wide distinction, there is a great deal of resemblance between his Lordship and John Dagley. Both are regardless of public opinion, or at least say so; both publish successive cantos as occasion offers, and both (latterly) on dirty white-brown paper, in the same form and about the same price, for the benefit of the lower orders; both bestow the same care on English metre and rhyme; both despise all who differ from them; and in short, allowing for the difference, we never before met with any two writers so diametrically opposed in sentiment, and so wonderfully similar in most other respects, including genius, estimation, compilation, style, &c. &c. as will appear in our review hereafter.

Having paid our respects to the earliest publication of John Dagley, we were prepared for the resemblance we have noticed, when this, his continuation of *Grace Abounding* (Parts IV. to XI.) was handed to us. Just as Lord Byron tells them at the end of his last Cantos, he will take up the story of

the Orphan of Ismael and treat his readers with another shilling's worth, so John Dagley winds up his verse—

Thus far I've written down my life,  
With no design to breed a strife;  
While some may say its not done well,  
Others may say it does excel.  
I can't attempt myself to mend,  
I've liv'd so long at Chapel-End.  
Had I been taught as some have been,  
A better work you might have seen;  
But painted glass obscures the sight,  
In this you've truth in full day-light.  
Its what my ears have heard I know,  
And what my eyes have seen also;  
My hands have handl'd too the same,  
For writing thus who can me blame?

A great deal more I have to say,  
And how the Lord has sped my way;  
Should I on earth be spared long,  
I may give you another song.  
And if by it some good is done,  
Its better than fool-hardy fun.  
Retire my muse, but do not boast,  
I hope thy time will not be lost;  
In looking o'er what now is past,  
Or thinking o'er what may come last.

More work's presented to my view,  
A great deal more than I can do;  
If men and money I had got,  
I'd enter then on each dark spot.

The last couplet is, we must confess, a little mysterious; but the whole is so truly Byronic, that no critical eye can avoid seeing the closeness of the parallel.

As for the recklessness of allowable rhymes in which these authors agree, it would be too much for us to particularize to any great extent; but a few examples from Dagley will serve to refresh the memory of readers, and they will see that in this respect he is not inferior to his noble prototype.

But Satan, foe to God and man,  
Beguiled Eve, and then Adam.

In him we see a brighter star,  
Than Venus, Mars or Jupiter.

Seek, sheep; bought, sort; shop, lot; friend, chapel-end; begin, again, lamb; surely, July; come, Eatin'gton; was, charge; man, Islington; rap, pit-a-pat; forget, Margate; St. Peter's, meet us; take, Ramsgate;—are only common examples: and when the difficulty of rhyming to the proper names of places is taken into consideration, it must be allowed, we think, that Dagley is almost the abler rhymester of the two. There is indeed one termination of his which we defy Byron or any of his clan to match. The author relates—

The Greeks, they wish'd I'd leave the town:  
I'll not do so I said my friend,  
Until I see the three months end.  
But why did Greeks wish me to fly?  
An Hebrew bird was there just by;  
His pinions they were pin'd, not fleg'e,  
They thought he here would look quite big.

What "fleg'e" is we with shame confess we know not; but it is time to turn towards Mr. Dagley's matter. He is, all the world knows, an itinerant preacher about Hinkley, Dadlington, Baddesley, Chapel-end, and other famous places; and in this volume he gives us specimens of his doctrines in verse, interspersed with details of his life and adventures. Thus he tells his hearers—

May be you dread a dying hour,  
And think if death should come:  
You then should be shut out of door,  
And meet the sinners doom.

Does God's election trouble thee,  
Thy calling then make sure;  
It's evident he has call'd thee,  
You see yourself so poor.  
And if, indeed, your calling's good,  
You have no cause to fear;  
Election then stands firm and good,  
To Jesus now draw near.  
He's gave his word, its firm and good.

Now his disciples sent by him,  
They all were men, appear'd quite mean;  
No human learning had they all,  
Except the great Apostle Paul;  
For Greece and Rome he was design'd,  
He spoke plain language, not refin'd;  
Now the Lord did, as many call,  
By unlearn'd Peter, as by Paul;  
There's John and James, they had their share,  
I therefore hope, cannot despair.  
But knowing they were better men,  
My hope gave way, I fear'd again.  
Now thus I thought, and thus I felt,  
It made my heart and soul to melt;  
Unto the Lord I then did pray,  
That he'd direct and lead the way;  
And when to him I thus had cri'd,  
It was as though he then repli'd;  
"I will be with thee, fear not man,  
Go preach as well as e'er you can."

The noise of butterflies I hear,  
They flury in the empty air;  
Their painted wings I leave to fly,  
My meaning they do not come nigh. J.D.

At first this fanatic, or, as we ought to say,  
having likened him to a Lord, this enthusiast,

He worked hard at calling good  
That his family might have food;  
but he got a call, which is thus related—  
On sabbath morning very soon  
I did awake, but out of tune;  
I turn'd myself in bed to sleep,  
On which account I'd cause to weep;  
For when I slept I did begin  
To dream two soldiers did come in;  
They beat me much, I was surpris'd,  
They struck me in the face and eyes:  
I ask'd them why they me abus'd,  
They then repli'd, "You have refus'd  
Your Master's work for to go nigh,  
We must flog you both hip and thigh;"  
Conviction then did seize my breast,  
No longer now could I take rest,

and he went about, according to his own account, preaching every where with quite as much eclat as the Reverend Mr. Irving.

The words were these, "Lord what is man?"  
A feeble piece, his life a span:  
"Lord what is man," that was the word;  
I lean'd upon my dearest Lord.  
He did assist and help me through,  
And made the word a blessing too,  
To one poor woman sitting by,  
I thought she mock'd me with her eye:  
But no, I did not see aright;  
It turn'd her darkness into light.  
In me there's nothing good at all,  
But "Jesus Christ is all in all."  
Unto the Lord I'd glory give;  
It's all of grace that any live.

I still went on with fearful mind,  
The Lord was gracious, good and kind;  
Though I was weak, I found him strong,  
And Jesus Christ was all my song.  
The word was bless'd unto many,  
What a mercy there were any!

For all the time I with them met,  
There seldom was an empty seat.  
Yet even this success did not prove so profitable as that of the worthy Scotch orator's in Hatton Garden; for John comes, at the end of Part IV. to let out the secret—

My trade was gone, I nothing had,  
I took a farm, and then was glad.  
The only consolation we can draw from which is, that it may give heart to the sufferers from Agricultural distress; though John again changed:—

I opened then a Draper's shop,  
In my own house, it was my lot;  
So I went on and stood my ground,  
Six times a year I went my round;  
And ribbons also I did make,  
And of my neighbours some did take;  
So head and body both were try'd.

But to do justice to his high strains and fine poetical vein, we ought to quote more at large; and in order to prove that he is not unworthy of the comparison instituted in this critique, we will return to the farm, and give a lengthened simile, or rather a continuation of similes, which we defy the greatest admirers of Lord Byron's writings to surpass, from any of or all his compositions:

And now a farmer I'm become,  
I'll work for bread, and stay at home.  
And if poor souls I may but win,  
To me in Christ they will be kin.  
Dear Lord, do thou direct my way,  
And teach me what I ought to say:  
And with the word thy blessing grant,  
Thou know'st its this I only want.  
The occupation of my farm,  
I know it did do me no harm;  
The fallow ground which I broke up  
The seed that I did sow in hope,  
Also the cleansing and manure,  
Taught me a lesson to be sure.  
The springing of the corn as well,  
The scythe and sickle they did tell,  
A something of a greater kind,  
In work that I had got to mind.  
The thrashing of the corn likewise,  
The chaff that whiffled in my eyes,  
They all combine to teach me now  
How I must hold the gospel-plough—  
The hearts of sinners to break up;  
The word of life to sow in hope;  
And how the blade would first appear;  
Then afterward, the corn in ear,  
Then fully ripe till it is brown,  
The scythe of death to cut it down.  
Afflictions how they often try  
The hypocrites how they do fly!  
The stable Christian, how he stands!  
Whene'er the fan is in my hands:  
It does not give me much surprise,  
Whene'er the chaff blows in my eyes;  
The chaff and wheat together grow,  
Chaff, it does guard the wheat we know.  
Now wheat upon the floor will lie,  
While the light chaff away will fly;  
The Christian, he will stand his ground,  
When hypocrites will not be found.

My sheep and swine both have I seen  
Among the clover fresh and green;  
The swine did look as white as sheep,  
While in the pasture they did keep.  
Oh! how deceiv'd the sheep have been,  
While the poor swine did look so clean;  
Their nature it was still the same,  
Return'd unto the dirt again.  
Now did the sheep in them delight?  
Oh! no, they could not bear the sight:

It's cleanliness that sheep desire,  
Therefore from swine they do retire,  
And run together as one fold,  
When they the filthy swine behold;  
As though they'd say we do detest,  
Your filthy dirty looking breast.  
The white-wash'd sow now wanders wide,  
And in the sheep she takes no pride:  
So you see the proud professor,  
Who of grace is no possessor;  
With a profession white as snow,  
He turns aside just like this sow.

With this slap at the Established Church we must finish, lamenting that so dangerous an enemy has allied himself against it, with the Satanic School and its leader.

But seriously: when we see such profane rubbish as this published, and know that the writer of it is a teacher of multitudes, ought we not to be ashamed of speaking about the enlightened era in which we live? Before we laugh at Prince Hohenlohe's Miracles, or the absurdities of other nations and religions—let us look at home.

*New Russia. Journey from Riga to the Crimea, by way of Kiev; &c. &c. By Mary Holderness. 8vo. pp. 316. London 1823. Sherwood, Jones, & Co.*

This lady's account of the Crim Tatars was favourably reviewed in the *Literary Gazette*, and favourably accepted by the public. Thus encouraged, Mrs. Holderness, at some distance of time, has been induced to republish her former narrative with a Preface of nearly one-half as much matter, containing the particulars of her journey to the Crimea, with observations on the people and their habits. Though this adds considerable interest to her volume, and renders the whole much more satisfactory than before, when the reader was dropt as it were from a cloud among the Tatars; it does not offer a great deal for critical remark or extract.

Mrs. H. is a pleasant unaffected writer; and we ought to be thankful that her pen is more graceful than her pencil,—for such a print as the Tatar Bath must have been shocking if minutely described. But as we are not going again into that country, we shall be content to do our illustrations from the journey between Riga and Karagoss. At Homil, a residence of Count Romanzoff's, our fair traveller observes—

"The Russian salutation is very contrary to our etiquette. The ladies in meeting, kiss each other on the lips and cheeks; and a lady and gentleman meeting, the latter kisses the hand of the lady, and inclines his cheek towards her, which she kisses; and omitting to do this, is a proof of great distance of manner, arising from either superiority of rank, slight acquaintance, or offence."

At Kiev there is a celebrated Monastery, of which Mrs. H. says—

"It was founded in the eleventh century, and called Pestchersky, because the Monks formerly lived in pestchera or caverns. On arriving there, the first object that excites attention is the assemblage of devils, which in large paintings adorn the exterior of the building. I shrunk, afraid to enter a habitation apparently so guarded, until assured it was only meant to shew how pure and holy must be the sanctuary where the evil genius of man was thus kept without, and not allowed an entrance. 'Where,' said they, 'can these powers of darkness be so effectually excluded, as in a place like this, the residence and the repository of saints!' The

interior of this building presented a very different aspect; the Monks were engaged in prayer; their appearance, and the solemn grandeur of all around, inspired other feelings than those with which we had viewed its exterior; the ground we trod was consecrated by Religion, and respect awaited her votaries.

"This Monastery is richly endowed, and its church very splendidly decorated: the body of it is almost covered with paintings, and burnished gold ornaments; the candlesticks and chandeliers are all of massy silver, and extremely valuable. The robes, and caps or mitres, worn by their priests, are most superb, and have been given in presents by different parts of the Imperial Family, or some of the wealthy nobles, at different times to the church. The robes are of gold or silver brocade, very rich in itself, and ornamented, some by borders of gold work, others with deep bordering of pearls and precious stones of every description. I should in vain attempt to give any idea of their magnificence: one was valued at 250,000 rubles, when the ruble was at two shillings and sixpence; others at 150,000 rubles, at 100,000 rubles, &c. Valuable crosses are also exhibited; and testaments in covers of solid gold, silver, brass, or some other curious or valuable materials. The whole riches of the convent treasury was estimated at twenty-five millions of rubles, when the ruble was half a crown.

"At this monastery are also the famous catacombs, which so many thousands of infatuated people in the Russian empire, go on foot to visit every year. The preparation for descending into this repository of the dead was more solemn than the scene itself; for the monk accompanying us related such incredible and ridiculous stories of the saints whose relics lay there, that we must have had a more than common share of credulity to have believed them. Every person going down into these vaults purchases a wax taper, and having lighted it, in solemn silence follows the monk, who, as he conducts the visitors through these vaulted sepulchres of the dead, opens the coffin lid, unfolds the shroud, and tells the name of the saint enshrined in that repository: no part of the body is to be seen, of course the flesh is all wasted, and the bones only remain perfect, from having been completely kept from the air; the face and hands are commonly covered with gold or silver tissue, or brocade, or some kind of silk: a cap is placed on the head, of the same material. The coffins are generally of Cypress wood, but some of massy silver, very richly engraved. There are two or three handsome little chapels in these subterranean passages, built by some of their saints, and consecrated for their hours of private devotion. Several cells are shewn, where they say monks, in a vow of penance, have had themselves walled up, and only a little window left, at which they received daily their bread and water, and there remained until their deaths: in one of the cells are the twelve masons who built the church, and then entered as monks into the Monastery.

"In another place you are shewn the body, or rather the head and shoulders of a man stuck in the ground: in a vow of penance he dug a hole, in which he placed himself, standing with his hands by his sides, and then had the hole filled, so that only his head, and a little below the shoulders, could be seen: here he lived (they say) fifteen years, having food and drink brought to him, and a lamp

constantly burning by his side: they still allow him a lamp, which burns day and night continually, though he has been dead six or seven hundred years; this, however, they can well afford to do, as he brings a considerable share of the riches of the Convent. The cap he wears is supposed to work miracles, and restore the sick; accordingly, hundreds come to visit St. Antonio, and wear his cap, which is frequently the undoubted means of restoring health, though not in the way that enthusiasm and credulity imagine, but by the simple process of being the cause of their taking unusual exercise in the open air, and exercising also a temperance not habitual to them. I should not omit to mention that St. Antonio is said to sink a little lower in the ground every year, and that the world is to be at an end by the time he entirely disappears. Amongst the wonders which they relate, this can scarcely be classed as the greatest; and if time in its mighty changes does not annihilate the Monastery of Pestcherskey, St. Antonio will probably not disappear, while he continues so instrumental to the well-doing of his brethren.

"Having so particularly mentioned the merits of this saint, let me do justice to the others also, and state, that all have their votaries, and that money lay scattered in every coffin, as if the golden age had returned, and man no longer continued to heap sordid gold, or required its aid to help him to the comforts of life. It is reckoned that from sixty to a hundred thousand pilgrims, from all parts of the Russian empire, visit the Monastery at Kiev, in one year; and the revenue the monks derive from the sale of wax candles, is alone sufficient to furnish food for the establishment.

"Near to Kiev, is a fabric of earthenware, which the gentlemen went to visit, and bought several articles there. This is considered one of the best manufactures, but they do not last like English plates, as the glaze wears off in a short time. All kinds of cutlery are very bad. The glass is tolerably good, and very well cut, but not equal in beauty to ours; it is, however, much more moderate in price: two tumblers bought at Tchernigoff, of cut glass, and extremely thick, cost three rubles; and the glasses bought at Kiev, are very handsome and good at twelve rubles per dozen. The printed cottons, of which almost the only manufactures are at Moscow, are very pretty, but will not bear washing; they cannot attain the art of fixing the colours, as in our prints; and they sell them, and all muslin goods, much dearer than we do."

These brief extracts are all that are necessary to exemplify the portion of the work to which our attention (having formerly done justice to its chief subject) is now confined; unless our readers should wish to have a more vivid notion of travelling in this quarter of the world. For such, we copy from many passages of "moving accident by flood and field," carriages carried away, kибитkas capsized, and yemetcheks killed, the picture of a lady travelling on the banks of the Ingul (a branch of the Dnieper.)

"The wind blew hard, and the rain (the first we had seen since we left Riga) fell heavily. As there was a considerable quantity of ice in the river, and the night was so stormy (the wind driving against the passage), the men refused to take us over; which compelled us to remain until the following day.

"I should in vain attempt to describe this miserable place, dignified by the name of a

post-station. It looked like some rude hovel, the shelter of banditti, and the yemetcheks and people about appeared as ferocious and uncivilized as the place itself. It was literally a large hovel, the thatched roof unceiled, and the only division or break in the length of it, was the oven or stove, which projected about one-third of the length of the room, making the space left on the side, dark and gloomy, while the top of the stove, or benches, in this darkened recess, served as a sleeping apartment for its inmates. That part of the hovel in front of the stove, was lighted by the glare of a large fire, burning in the oven, and shewed a long table, with benches on either side for seats, its only furniture. Here it was impossible to lie down, or to venture in such company to close the eyes: I recollected the comfort of the Russian cottages, which we had before experienced, and dispatched our Russian servant to find us quarters in the village. He soon returned successful, and we exchanged the most horrible place I entered throughout our journey, for a neat warm cottage, and the smiles of good humour and welcome. Here, upon our accustomed beds of hay, or straw, or on the benches around the room, we rested, and slept quietly till morning.

"We passed on our road several caravans of Tchumaks, or Little Russians, with their four-wheeled carriages drawn by oxen. The particular construction of the Tchumak waggon is worthy of notice. The wheels are young trees, (elm, ash, oak, &c.) which being cut down, are stripped of the bark, split, and cut into proper lengths; these are put over a strong fire, till they are bent sufficiently for the two ends to meet. This operation is effected by fixing them around a solid post, shaped for the purpose, which stands three or four feet above the ground. This work is often done in the woods, when the rim of the wheel is bent around one of the trees, and there they are shaped and burnt. Broad pieces of the bark of the lime tree, fastened to the frame of the body of the waggon, serve to hold the contents, such as salt and corn. Each waggon holds from one to two, and even two and a half tons weight of salt or corn. The Tchumaks travel in caravans of twenty or forty waggons, or even more, together; and whenever they unyoke their oxen to feed them, they previously draw up the caravan to the side, or out of the main road, forming a square, or rather an oblong, with the waggons, placing them close together in rows, and leaving only a sufficient interval between the rows to permit the drivers to pass. The extraordinary journeys which these Tchumaks undertake with their loaded waggons is very remarkable—setting out from Riga, or other post-towns of the Baltic, in the spring, when the snow is dissolved, and travelling to Moscow, Kaluga, Tula, &c. and then to the Black Sea, with corn, and returning laden with salt in the autumn.

"For the conveyance of lighter goods, the telega, a cart drawn by one horse, is used; and the transport of goods in Russia by either of these means is very cheap."

With this we conclude, and once more very heartily commend Mrs. Holderness to the better acquaintance of our readers.

#### CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

In our preceding Number we introduced to the public the Abbé Dubois' Letters on the State of Christianity in India, adducing this intelligent author's arguments on the hope-

lessness of successful proselytism in India, and the prevailing obstacle to the circulation of the Bible. As opposed to the efforts of missionaries, the Abbé states instances of native feelings not less powerfully operative:

"Being at Carriacul, about twenty-eight years ago, I preached on a Sunday to the assembled congregation a sermon in the Tamil language, on the divine origin of the Christian religion. Among other topics to prove my subject, I insisted on the intrinsic weakness and inadequacy of the means employed in the establishment of this religion, generally hated and persecuted everywhere, quite destitute of all human support, and left to its own resources amidst every kind of contradictions. Several times repeated, in treating this topic, that the Christian religion had for its founder a peasant of Galilee, the son of a humble carpenter, who took for his assistants twelve low-born men, twelve ignorant and illiterate fishermen. These words, the son of a carpenter! twelve fishermen! many times repeated, gave offence to my audience, which was entirely composed of native Christians; and the sermon was no sooner finished than three or four of the principal among them came and informed me, that the whole congregation had been highly scandalized by hearing me apply to Christ the appellation of the son of a carpenter, and to his apostles that of fishermen; that I could not be ignorant that the casts both of carpenters and fishermen were two of the lowest and vilest in the country; that it was highly improper to attribute to Christ and his disciples so low and abject an origin; that if pagans, who sometimes come through motives of curiosity to their religious assemblies, heard such objectionable accounts of our religion, their contempt and hatred of it would be considerably increased, &c. &c. Finally, they advised me, if in future I had occasion to mention in my sermons the origin of Christ or his apostles, not to fail to say that both were born in the noble tribe of *kahatrys* or rajahs, and never to mention their low profession.

"Another instance of the kind happened to me a few years ago in this part of the country, when, in explaining to the congregation the parable of the Prodigal Son in the Gospel, I mentioned the circumstance of the prodigal's father having, through joy, killed the *fatted calf* to regale his friends, on account of the return of his reformed son. After the lecture some Christians told me, in rather bad humour, that my mentioning the *fatted calf* was very improper, and that if, as sometimes happened, pagans had been present at the lecture, they would have been confirmed, on hearing of the *fatted calf*, in the opinion they all entertained of the Christian religion being a low, or pariah religion. They advised me, in the mean time, if in future I gave an explanation of the same parable, to substitute a lamb instead of the *fatted calf*.

"In fact, even with our native Christians, we are careful to avoid all that might wound their feelings to no purpose, and increase in the public mind the jealousy and contempt entertained against them and their religion. For example, as the use of intoxicating liquors is extremely odious to all well-bred Hindoos, and considered by them as a capital sin, when we explain verbally or in writing the sacrament of the eucharist, we are cautious not to say openly that the materials of this sacrament are bread and wine, or *charayam*, (literally, wine,) which would prove too revolting to their feelings; we have therefore the pre-

caution to soften this coarse term by a periphrasis, saying that the materials of the eucharist are wheaten bread, and the juice of the fine fruit called grape; which expressions become more palatable to their taste."

The Neophytes are after all very odd sort of Christians.

"The greater part (continues the writer) exhibit nothing but a vain phantom, an empty shade of Christianity. In fact, during a period of twenty-five years that I have familiarly conversed with them, lived among them as their religious teacher and spiritual guide, I would hardly dare to affirm that I have any where met a sincere and undisguised Christian.

"In embracing the Christian religion, they very seldom heartily renounce their leading superstitions, towards which they always entertain a secret bent, which does not fail to manifest itself in the several occurrences of life; and in many circumstances where the precepts of their religion are found to be in opposition to their leading usages, they rarely scruple to overlook the former, and conform themselves to the latter.

"Besides, in order to make true Christians among the natives, it would be necessary before all things, to erase from the code of the Christian religion, the great leading precept of charity; for, try to persuade a Hindoo that this religion places all men on equal footing in the sight of God, our common Maker and Father;—that the being born in a high caste, authorises nobody to look with indifference or contempt on the persons born in a lower tribe;—that even the exalted Brahmin, after embracing Christianity, ought to look upon the humble pariah as his brother, and be ready to bestow upon him all marks of kindness and love in his power;—try to prevail upon the Christian Hindoo to forgive an often imaginary injury, such as would be that of being publicly upbraided with having violated any one of their vain usages;—try to persuade even the low-born pariah, that after turning a Christian, he ought for ever to renounce the childish distinction of *Right and Left Hand*, upon which he lays so much stress, and which he considers as the most honourable characteristic of his tribe;—tell him that as that distinction of *Right and Left Hand* proves a source of continual quarrel, fighting, and animosity, it becomes wholly incompatible with the first duties imposed upon him by the Christian religion, and must altogether be laid aside;—try to prevail upon parents, in opposition to the established customs, to permit a young widow, their daughter, who, on account of her youth, is exposed to dishonour both herself and family, to marry again; so to act in opposition to any of their leading usages and practices; your lectures, your instructions, your expostulations on such subjects, will be of no avail; and your Christians will continue to live the slaves of their Antichristian prejudices and customs.

"When their religious instructors become too troublesome to them, by their importunate admonitions on such subjects, they often put themselves in a state of insurrection, revolt against them, and bid them defiance, by threats of apostasy. - - -

"The Hindoo pageantry is chiefly seen in the festivals celebrated by the native Christians. Their processions in the streets, always performed in the night time, have indeed been to me at all times a subject of shame. Accompanied with hundreds of *tom-toms*, (small drums,) trumpets, and all the discord-

ant noisy music of the country; with numberless torches, and fire-works—the statue of the saint placed on a car, which is charged with garlands of flowers, and other gaudy ornaments, according to the taste of the country,—the car slowly dragged by a multitude shouting all along the march—the congregation surrounding the car all in confusion, several among them dancing, or playing with small sticks, or with naked swords; some wrestling, some playing the fool; all shouting, or conversing with each other, without any one exhibiting the least sign of respect or devotion. Such is the mode in which the Hindoo Christians in the inland country celebrate their festivals. They are celebrated, however, with a little more decency on the coast. They are all exceedingly pleased with such a mode of worship, and any thing short of such pageantry, such confusion and disorder, would not be liked by them."

As a proof how lightly they prize their faith, the Abbé states that when in 1784 Tip-poo Saib seized 60,000 Christians (all that could be found in his dominions in one day) and carried them to Seringapatam, not one of the whole number refused to abjure and be circumcised—not one of them "possessing resolution enough to say, 'I am a Christian, and I will die rather than renounce my religion!'"

Summing up his reasoning as far as his own experience goes, the Abbé honestly declares—

"For my part, I cannot boast of my successes in this holy career, during a period of twenty-five years that I have laboured to promote the interests of the Christian religion. The restraints and privations under which I have lived, by conforming myself to the usages of the country; embracing, in many respects, the prejudices of the natives; living like them, and becoming almost a Hindoo myself; in short, by 'being made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some,'—all this has proved of no avail to me to make proselytes."

"During the long period I have lived in India, in the capacity of a missionary, I have made, with the assistance of a native missionary, in all between two and three hundred converts of both sexes. Of this number two-thirds were pariahs, or beggars; and the rest were composed of *sudras*, vagrants, and outcasts of several tribes, who, being without resource, turned Christians, in order to form new connections, chiefly for the purpose of marriage, or with some other interested views. Among them are to be found some also who believed themselves to be possessed by the devil, and who turned Christians, after having been assured that on their receiving baptism the unclean spirits would leave them, never to return; and I will declare it, with shame and confusion, that I do not remember any one who may be said to have embraced Christianity from conviction, and through quite disinterested motives. Among these new converts many apostatised, and relapsed into Paganism, finding that the Christian religion did not afford them the temporal advantages they had looked for in embracing it; and I am verily ashamed, that the resolution I have taken to declare the whole truth on this subject forces me to make the humiliating avowal, that those who continued Christians are the very worst among my flock. - - -

"In fact, the conversion of the Hindoos, under existing circumstances, is so hopeless a thing, and their prejudices against it are so deeply rooted, and so decidedly declared, that

I am firmly persuaded, that if (what has never been the case) the Hindoo Brahmins were animated by a spirit of proselytism, and sent to Europe missionaries of their own faith, to propagate their monstrous religion, and make converts to the worship of Seeva and Vishnoo, they would have much more chance of success, among certain classes of society, than we have to make among them true converts to the faith in Christ."

Well are we aware that the obstacles thus so afflictively stated, are calculated to excite the warmer zeal of those who cherish the praiseworthy design of spreading Christianity over the earth; and we trust it will be believed that we only array these arguments together in order to show them the extent of their difficulties, not to dishearten them in the prosecution of their benevolent work."

A defence of the Hindoos closes this volume, to which we can only refer the curious; and finish our notice with the author's opinion of the versions of Scripture now in circulation, but particularly the Canada version, (of which he gives a literal translation of the 1st chapter of Genesis):

"I have been so thoroughly disgusted in going through the translation of the first chapter, that I beg you will excuse me the trouble of translating the three others. - - -

- - - If one of the many proofs of our holy books being of divine origin be derived from their intrinsic worth, from their noble, inimitable, and majestic simplicity, there is, alas! on the other hand, but too much reason to fear that the Hindoos will form a directly opposite judgment on the subject, when they behold the ludicrous, vulgar, and almost unintelligible style of the versions at present circulated among them; and that even the most reasonable and best disposed, in beholding our Holy Scriptures under such a contemptible shape, so far from looking upon them as the word of God, will, on the contrary, be strongly impelled to consider them

\* There is another important consideration which ought to be calmly weighed at this period, when we even see petitions presented to Parliament on the subject.

"On the whole (says the Abbé,) from all that has come within my knowledge, I observe, with sorrow, that the interference of the new reformers to improve the condition of the Hindoos has thus far produced more evil than good. In support of this assertion, I will content myself with citing the two following striking instances:

"The first relates to the burning of widows on the pile of their deceased husbands. It is an indubitable fact, fully confirmed by the official reports of the local magistrates, that since the clamours raised in Europe and India, and since the country government has judged fit to interfere, to a certain degree, in order to render it less frequent, it has come more into fashion, and more prevalent. I have seen lists of the victims devoting themselves to that cruel superstition; and I have observed, that in the districts of Calcutta and Benares, where the horrid practice is most common, the number of victims has been of late much greater than it was about twelve years ago, when the natives were left to themselves, and nobody presumed to interfere with their customs. - - -

"Owing to their abrupt attacks on the most deep laid prejudices of the country, the zeal of the Hindoos had been roused to a determined spirit of opposition and resistance, when they saw their most sacred customs and practices publicly reviled, laughed at, and turned into ridicule, by words, and in writing, in numberless religious tracts, circulated with profusion, in every direction, all over the country."

as forgeries of some obscure, ignorant, and illiterate individual, and of course a downright imposture. It is, however, to execute such performances, (for the Tamoul and Telinga versions, parts of which I have also perused, have not appeared to me superior to this,) that public credulity in Europe is imposed upon, and immense sums of money are subscribed.

"You may rest persuaded, that all those *soi-disant* translations will soon find their way to the bazar streets, to be sold there, as waste paper, to the country grocers, for the purpose of wrapping their drugs in them; and indeed, in my humble opinion, they are fit for nothing else.

"I express to you my sentiments on the subject with candour, and without hypocrisy, as you have requested me so to do, and I am ready fearlessly to express the same, in the presence of the Bible Society itself, and of all the universities in Europe; for my opinion, (let them give it the appellation of prejudice, of ignorance, or obstinacy, it is the same to me,) being grounded on an inward conviction, the result of a long and attentive experience, is unalterable."

With this strong opinion we leave the case to the public judgment.

#### MEMORABLE DAYS IN AMERICA.

(Concluded.)

To complete the outline of Mr. Faux's picture, we give the remainder of our selections from his book. At Washington he appears to have visited the navy-yard, where he "saw several eminent mechanics, nearly all Englishmen, some of whom are receiving not above 12 dollar a day, although at home they received 3*l*. a week. The steam machinery is here 'mighty fine,' 'superbly elegant,' as a native would call it, and the new 100 gun ship of war is a most noble vessel, a floating battery worked and manned by 900 men. - - -

Gouging still flourishes. His Excellency, Mr. Monroe, while a young man, constantly kept his hair closely shorn, in order that his head might be less exposed to this brutal practice. - - -

"The Carolinians keep and train up large dogs for hunting and finding runaway or concealed negroes, who are easily scented and found by them, if they be in the woods. The mode of training is thus: Set a young negro daily to strike a pup, and then run from it. This is dog-training. My cousin, Captain H. Rugeley, in my presence ordered a young negro to strike a half-grown cur, which immediately seized the boy, who was worried a little, for my amusement and instruction. Hence these dogs, though generally docile and gentle to well dressed whites, instantly seize on any strange black man who approaches the plantation, just as an English greyhound flies upon a hare."

And what can be expected from the lower orders, when the highest person in the State is exposed to such disgrace as the following extract records, and its lesser administrations resemble the subjoined:

"Being now in the neighbourhood of his excellency the president's country seat, or farm-house, the patrimony of his family, I find that his neighbours are rejoicing because his excellency, on coming here last week, was arrested three times in one week by neighbours whom he ought to have paid long ago; the debts being money borrowed on his estates. He has long been under private pecuniary embarrassments, and offered all his

estates for sale, in order to discharge the demands of his creditors. - - -

"At noon, I roamed into the supreme court, where I saw my new friend, the supreme judge, Wilson, on the bench, in the midst of three rustic, dirty-looking associate judges, all robeless, and dressed in coarse drab, domestic, homespun coats, dark silk handkerchiefs round their necks, and otherwise not superior in outward appearance to our low fen-farmers in England. Thus they sat, presiding with ease and ability over a bar of plain talkative lawyers, all robeless, very funny and conversational in their speeches, manners, and conduct; dressed in plain box-coats, and sitting with their feet and knees higher than their noses, and pointing obliquely to the bench of judges; thus making their speeches, and examining and cross-examining evidence at a plain long table, with a brown earthen jug of cold water before them, for occasionally wetting their whistles, and washing their quid-stained lips: all, judges, jury, counsel, witnesses, and prisoners, seemed free, easy, and happy. The supreme judge is only distinguished from the rest by a shabby blue threadbare coat, dirty trowsers, and unblackened shoes. Thus sat all their lordships, freely and frequently chewing tobacco, and appearing as uninterested as could be."

\* Judge Waggoner, who is a notorious horse-stealer, was recently accused, while sitting on the bench, by Major Hooker, the hunter, gonger, whipper, and nose-biter, of stealing many hogs, and being, although a Judge, the greatest rogue in the United States. This was the Major's answer to the question, *GUILTY or NOT GUILTY*, on an indictment presented against him. The court laughed, and the Judge raved, and bade Hooker go out and he would fight him. The Major agreed, but said, 'Judge, you shall go six miles into the woods, and the longest liver shall come back to tell his tale!' The Judge would not go. The Major was now, in his turn, much enraged by the Judge ordering him into court to pay a fine of ten dollars for some former offence, the present indictment being suffered to drop. - - -

"Last week, in the state of Delaware, the High Sheriff had to perform the duty of Jack Ketch, and hang his own nephew, for the murder of his own mother, the Sheriff's sister. The youth killed her by striking her with a club on the temple. In the same neighbourhood, and the same week, another youth was sent to gaol for poisoning his uncle, a rich old gentleman, who being childless, had taken this nephew into the house, and made him heir to all; but the youth being impatient, went to a druggist for arsenic, which he said was to kill the rats, that every night kept his uncle from sleeping. He mixed a portion of it in a glass of apple-toddy, and gave it to his uncle, but in so large a portion that it began to operate immediately, on which the old man said, 'You have given me something to do me harm.' The youth denied it, but the old man grew rapidly sick, and feeling conscious that he was poisoned and should die before the distant doctor could arrive, got out the will in favour of the ungrateful youth, and having burnt it, died soon after.

"A short time ago, the friends of a murderer, under sentence of death in Pennsylvania, conspired together to procure a pardon from the governor by threats and intimidation. Their plan was to get the governor into a room to themselves, and offer him his own life for the pardon of Lieut. Smith, the convict, who had cohabited with Mrs. Carson, and taken possession of her house and property, during the absence of her husband, Captain Carson. When the latter returned and demanded his wife and property, he was shot dead in his own house by Smith. The governor had intelligence of the plot, and seized the conspirators before they could carry their design into effect."

No wonder that our emigrating countrymen are in the situation which Mr. F. exposes:

"The western-country labourers return here, unable to get paid in any way for their work, it being impossible to sell, any where or at any price, the wheat which they receive in lieu of cash. One poor fellow, after threshing a month, returned quite unable to sell his share or bring it away; and if the farmer has 20 miles to carry it to the river, it is not worth his while to grow it, for no money can be had for it, but goods only, which he must receive at the vendor's own price, and in like manner his produce. All is done by barter. I know several whom I advised not to go westward, now repenting, and unable to raise ten dollars. They have lost much by lending, and by the reduction of their lands, which are now, though much improved, unsaleable, or if saleable, at immense loss. My partner's father (an Englishman) had 17,000 dollars, when a few years since he went into the wilderness, but now is he indeed a repenting man, unable to raise or borrow ten dollars on or from his estate. - - -

"I must complain (says a Mr. Lidiard, an English emigrant, to our author) much of American roguery. Hardly any body cares about poor honesty and punctuality. If a man can, or is disposed to pay, he pays; if not so disposed, or not able, he smiles, and tells you to your face, he shall not pay. I saw an execution defeated lately by that boasted spirit, which they call liberty, or independence. The property, under execution, was put up to sale, when the eldest son appeared with a huge Hercules club, and said, 'Gentlemen, you may bid for and buy these bricks and things, which were my father's, but, by —, no man living shall come on to this ground with horse and cart to fetch them away. The land is mine, and if the buyer takes any thing away, it shall be on his back.'

The father had transferred the land, and all on it, to the son, in order to cheat the law. Nobody was, therefore, found to bid or buy. I, therefore, (continues Mr. L.) decline all transactions with Americans, it being impossible with safety to buy or sell any thing of importance under their present paper system.

- - - Land here gives a man no importance; store-keepers and clerks rank much above farmers, who are never seen in genteel parties and circles. - - - The land is full of all useful grass seeds, which only want sun and air to call them into a smothering superabundance. But what is land, however rich, without population to cultivate it, or a market to consume its produce, which is here bought much under what either I or you could raise it for. Farmers are consequently men of no importance. They live, it is true, and will always live, but I much doubt if ever the important English farmer could be satisfied with such living and farming. I feel great difficulty in advising any friends on the subject of emigration. I mean to wait two years longer before I do it. Liberty and independence, of which you and I thought so much and so highly, while on the other side of the Atlantic, sink and fade in value on a nearer view. Nobody here properly appreciates, but almost all abuse, this boasted liberty. Liberty here means to do each as he pleases; to care for nothing and nobody, and cheat every body. If I buy an estate, and advance money before I get a title, it is ten to one but I lose it, and never get a title that is worth having. My garden cost me this summer only 50 dollars, and all the produce was stolen by boys

and young men, who professed to think they had the liberty to do so. If you complain to their friends and superiors, the answer is, 'Oh, it is only a boyish trick, not worth notice.' And again, I tell the gentlemen, that if I wished to be social and get drunk with them, I dare not; for they would take the liberty to scratch me like a tiger, and gouge, and dirk me. I cannot part with my nose and eyes. The friendly equality and intercourse, however, which can be had with all ranks and grades, and the impossibility of coming to absolute poverty, are the finest features of this country. You are going to Birkbeck's settlement? — 'I am, sir.' — 'I visited both Birkbeck and Flower in June last. Birkbeck is a fine man, in a bad cause. He was worth about 10,000*l.* sterling, but has deceived himself and others. Both his, and Flower's settlement (which are all one,) is all a humbug. They are all in the mire and cannot get out; and they, therefore, by all manner of means and arts, endeavour to make the best of it. - - - I would prefer Birkbeck for a neighbour, dressed up, as he is, in a little mean chip hat, and coarse domestic clothes from Harmony, living in a little log-house, smoking segars, and drinking bad whiskey, just as I found him, rough as he was. Mr. G. Flower is inducing mechanics to come from all parts to settle, although there is no employment for them, nor any market now, nor in future, at New Orleans or elsewhere, for produce, unless a war comes, which may require America to supply other nations in want.'"

With these trumpet-tongued extracts we conclude. Notwithstanding all its folly and absurdities, if Mr. Faux's judgment and truth can be to any extent relied upon, his work will operate as a strong damper upon the spirit of emigration to the American wildernesses.

\* Mr. Faux, who himself saw the Settlement, more than corroborates the above account:—"I called at an adjoining farm, rented by a dirty, naked-legged French family, who, though born in this country, know nothing of the English language. Then at Mr. Hunt's, who is deaf and dumb (the brother of Henry Hunt, the Champion of Reform,) who, with his nephew, a son of Henry, came here, about a year since, to three quarter sections of land; of which they have cultivated only six acres. They live in a little one-room miserable log-cabin, doing all the labour of the house and land themselves, and without any female. We found them half-naked and in rags, busily greasing a cart, or mending a plough. They appeared only as labourers. - - - We entered their cabin, and took some boiled beef on a board, and sat on their bed and boxes, having no chairs, stools, or tables, and only the mean clothes they then wore; a fire having recently destroyed their first cabin with all its contents. Being disappointed in English remittances, and unable to get letters from thence, which they thought had been intercepted, they were out of funds, and their land was uncultivated, unsown, and selling for the payment of taxes."

#### BAKEWELL'S TRAVELS. (2 vols. 8vo.)

Our first notice of this work related principally to the author's observations in Savoy. His subsequent investigations led him into the Tarentaise. He went by the route (the upper valley of the Isere and the Little St. Bernard) which M. A. de Luc has endeavoured to prove to be that taken by Hannibal when he passed into Italy; upon which we find the subjoined rather curious remarks:

"Nothing but an actual inspection of the

route, can give an adequate idea of the difficulties he must have had to encounter when he entered this defile, which is forty miles in length, and defended by many formidable passes, where a few men, placed on the heights above, might have successfully resisted the most powerful armies.

"The account given by some historians, of Hannibal's dissolving the rocks by vinegar, in his passage over the Alps, appears so improbable, that it has generally been treated, in modern times, as a fable, undeserving attention. An inspection of the route, however, inclined me to believe that this story, like many ancient fables, was founded on facts that have been perverted by the ignorance of historians. In many of the passes in the valley of the Isere, where the rocks overhang the river on each side, a path carried midway along the side of the precipice might be so obstructed by a projecting mass of stone, as to deny access to oxen or elephants. Now, in such situations, it will be readily admitted that a small quantity of gunpowder would effect more in a few hours than the labour of men for several days, especially as, from the narrowness of the pass, not more than one or two men could work at the same time. We are unacquainted with the means which the ancients employed in breaking and removing large masses of stone; it is possible that the expansive power of vapour might be one of them. Thus by boring hard calcareous rocks, and filling the cavity with concentrated vinegar, and plugging up the aperture, they might, by the evolution of gas, obtain a similar effect to the explosion of gunpowder, or the expansion of steam; this effect might be farther increased by making a large fire against the rock. Count Rumford ascertained that a drachm of water, inclosed in a mass of iron the size of a solid twenty-four pound cannon, was sufficient to burst it, with a tremendous explosion, on the application of heat: even the expansion of water by freezing will rend the hardest rocks. It also deserves attention, that most of the calcareous strata in the Alps are intersected by cross seams, evidently the result of crystallization in the mass, and these seams are often so close as to be nearly imperceptible, and quite impervious to air or water. By taking advantage of such seams, and making the borings in them, a small degree of expansive force would rend large masses of rock, as they split with great facility along the cross seams, which are the natural cleavages, and are nearly as regular as those of a rhomboidal crystal of calcspar.

"I am inclined to believe that Hannibal, whose mind was so fertile in resources, might be acquainted with the power of compressed vapour, or gas, in bursting masses of stone, and that he employed vinegar, not as a chemical agent to dissolve the projecting masses of rock that obstructed his progress, but to act mechanically in rending them, either by the evolution of gas, by the expansion of vapour, or by the force of both these agents conjointly. It is indeed difficult to conceive how such a story as that of dissolving the Alps with vinegar, could have originated without some foundation in fact; but facts, imperfectly understood, have not unfrequently been transformed by historians into prodigies, which have maintained credit for ages, and at length are rejected as fabulous, until circumstances are discovered which elucidate the obscurity of history, and enable us to separate truth from error."

From ancient story or miracle, we turn to modern story and miracle. Mr. B. informs us,

"About six miles from Brida the road descends to the river. After crossing it on a bridge, we came to Boshel, a large town, where courts of justice are held, but the place is more celebrated from the chapel of the Virgin, called Notre Dame de Boshel. The chapel is an appendage to a large church, and contains an image of the Virgin in wax, larger than life, placed in a glass case over the altar. The hair is dressed and powdered in the old court fashion; she has on a hooped petticoat, and her silk gown is richly bedizenized over with gold tinsel. This gaudy representation of the queen of virginity is held to possess the miraculous power of conferring fecundity to those married but childless dames who shall come here, in faith, to implore her assistance.

We were told that every year nearly two thousand women make a pilgrimage here to implore the assistance of Notre Dame de Boshel, and that the greater part return satisfied. If this be so, I must leave to Catholics the explanation of the miracle,—there is no monastery at Boshel.

"A lady from Chambray told Mrs. B. that she went up the valley to Boshel one morning, with a party of female friends from Brida. Not thinking of the wonder-working powers of our Lady of Boshel, they were surprised to see the peasants they passed on the road making significant signs to each other, smiling and winking, and throwing out mysterious jokes, which they could not comprehend, nor the cause of this behaviour, so extraordinary in the peasants of the country, who are remarkably respectful to strangers. On their return the mystery was explained; they had been mistaken for pilgrims going to ask aid from the Virgin; and as some of the ladies were far advanced in life, their supposed faith and expectations had been subjects of mirth to the peasantry, who could not conceive any other motive for their travelling to Boshel but the desire of having a family."

The process of salt-making in the Tarentaise is so peculiar and worthy of notice, that we purpose taking the whole account as a separate article, in an early Number, under one of our divisions devoted to the Arts and Sciences; while we now proceed with a few other miscellaneous extracts from these volumes:

"The most striking object in the valley of Chamouny, next to the glaciers, and far better worth the labour of the journey to see than Mont Blanc, is the *Aiguille de Dru*, a taper spire of granite, which shoots up to the height of eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is apparently detached from all the surrounding mountains. The upper part, or spire, rises nearly to a point, in one solid shaft, more than four thousand feet: it is utterly inaccessible; its sides are rounded, and are said to have a polish or glazing like that which is sometimes seen on granite rocks exposed to the action of the sea; but this I could not discern with my telescope. It appeared composed of perpendicular plates of granite. By what means it has been shaped into its present form is difficult to conceive. When approaching the Glacier des Bois, it is impossible to view without astonishment this isolated pinnacle of granite, shooting up into the sky to such an amazing height. I have neither seen nor have I heard of any pinnacle of granite in the Alps that can be compared with it, for

the elegance of its form, or for the length of its shaft. The *Gaunt*, it is true, is nearly equal to Mont Blanc in height, but it does not rise so far above its base as the *Aiguille de Dru*, and, when seen at a distance, its form is like a banded finger. . . .

"It will (continues Mr. B.) be recollected, that on the return of Captain Ross from Baffin's Bay, much surprise was excited by the account of the red snow (as it was called) covering some of the snow mountains near the coast in those high latitudes. It is a little remarkable that it should have escaped public attention at the time, that the same phenomenon occurs every year in the Alps, but at a season when it is not often exposed to the view of travellers. Our guide said that its appearance was like that of minute red grains scattered on the snow; they were to be seen in March, and generally disappeared about the end of May or the beginning of June. Several persons informed me that they had seen this red snow, and on referring to Saussure, I find he has given a very full account of it, as occurring in Mont Breven, and also on the Great St. Bernard. The powder or grains penetrate two or three inches into the snow, and are of a very lively red colour: it occurs chiefly where the snow lies in a concavity, it is deepest near the centre, and very faint upon the borders, as if it had been carried down from the edges towards the lower parts, by a partial melting of the snow. On the return of Captain Ross, the residue of some of the red snow from Baffin's Bay, after the water was evaporated, was examined, and the substance was said to be oily, and the product of some vegetable. Saussure had come to the same conclusion in 1788, from a series of experiments on forty grains of this powder. . . .

Perhaps it may appear as probable, that this powder is deposited by some species of fly. Mont Breven, where the red snow occurs most abundantly, is on the sunny side of the valley of Chamouny. The oil extracted from it had the smell of wax."

Mr. B. is mistaken in supposing the Alpine phenomenon was not publicly spoken of at the period to which he alludes; for it was not only mentioned in the *Literary Gazette*, but in other journals, and the fact brought to bear distinctly on Captain Ross's statement.

Of Geneva, its institutions, politics, and religious varieties, we have long details: the author is a great admirer of the Genevese and of Rousseau. He often lays down good rules, but does not always adhere to his own dogmas; but it would not entertain any one to have the proofs of this discrepancy adduced, and we shall add very little farther of any kind in the way of illustration.

The Museum at Berne, the author says, "contains a splendid display of the zoology of Switzerland. The quadrupeds and birds are well preserved, and the attitudes in which they are placed are natural and spirited. I was much surprised to see so great a variety of species, unknown in the British isles. The lynx, which Cuvier, in his *Regne Animal*, describes as having disappeared in Germany, still exists in the Haut Vallais. It is nearly the size of a wolf, and is a formidable animal to the chamois: it is the true tiger of Europe. There was another animal, interesting from its history—a dog belonging to the convent of St. Bernard, that had saved, at different times, the lives of forty travellers; when it grew too old for service, it was sent to Berne, but died soon afterwards. Among the birds were a pelican from the Lake of Constance,

and a flamingo from the Lake of Morat. The *lemmer-geyer*, or lamb-destroyer, the largest of all birds of prey on the old continent, is from nine to ten feet between the ends of the wings, when spread out: the head and beak resemble in shape that of the vulture, with long hairs or bristles on the beak; its other characters are similar to the eagle, and it feeds on live prey. As this bird breeds only in the higher Alps, in situations utterly inaccessible, it will probably long remain an inhabitant of Europe."

"In the dry fosse of the trenches at Berne, several of the rare living animals of Switzerland are also kept; they have considerable space for exercise: nor must I omit the guardian geni of the republic, the long celebrated bears. A paved court, and cells in the trenches, are appropriated to their service; and they do credit to their hosts, for they are the fattest bears I have ever seen. I heard the following anecdote of one of the bears of Berne from M. De Candolle, in his public lectures at Geneva: 'In a very severe winter, when provisions were also scarce, a little Savoyard chimney-sweeper, houseless and friendless, was reduced to the extreme of misery; when recollecting the cell of the bear, he resolved to beg that shelter from the beast which was denied him by man. He climbed down the wall of the trenches, entered the cell, and crept close to his shaggy companion for warmth; the bear received him kindly, and seemed much pleased with his company. During a great part of the winter, the boy paid his nightly visit to his warm-coated friend, who even suffered him to partake of his vegetable diet. The thing was at length discovered; and the humanity of the inhabitants was awakened by the singularity of the circumstance, to provide a more suitable bed for the little chimney-sweeper.'

"The three valleys of Hasli, Grindelwald, and Lauterbrun, with Interlaken, comprising numerous villages and a considerable population, are cut off from all intercourse with the rest of the world; except by mule paths, and by the lakes of Thun and Brienz, which in stormy seasons are navigated with difficulty. The manners and costume of a people so entirely insulated, will long remain unchanged; but religious innovations, as strange as those in more frequented parts of Europe, find their proselytes even here. After I left Interlaken, I was informed that a German sect of Christians, similar to the Adamites, in the early ages of the church, had obtained many adherents in some of the villages on the western end of the lake of Brienz. These enthusiasts are said to be very simple-hearted honest people, blameless in every thing except the extravagance of their religious opinions. They maintain that public worship can only be acceptably performed, when the body is divested of all its garments, which being signs of the existence of sin and shame in the world, and introduced after the fall of man, ought not to be worn when we more immediately approach the presence of the Deity in prayer. The Bernese government has endeavoured to suppress this sect by the mildest means, but in vain; they still meet secretly. When they are discovered, they are taken to the hospital for insane people, and are treated with much tenderness; and pastors are appointed to convince them of the error of their opinions. I had no opportunity of making inquiry respecting this sect, for I did not hear of it till after I had left Interlaken; but I have no reason

to doubt the accuracy of my information. The sect is said to be stationary in numbers, notwithstanding the efforts of the government to suppress it."

This would be a fine faith for Lord Byron, and if he does not end in La Trappe, it is possible he may put himself at the head of it as Grand Prior. But we must conclude. The author returned to Paris, and tells us that the fable of the Dog of Montargis was framed from a carved marble chimney-piece at Fontainebleau. He also gives us a copy of the invitation to the Abbé Haüy's funeral, which as a specimen of manners we subjoin:

"MONSIEUR BAKEWELL.

"Rue de Richelieu, Hotel de Bruxelles.

"M.—Vous êtes prié d'assister au convoi, service, et enterrement de M. René-JUST HAÜY, Chanoine honoraire de la métropole; Membre de la Légion d'Honneur; Chevalier de l'Ordre Royal de Saint-Michel de Bavière; de l'Académie Royal des Sciences; Professeur de Minéralogie au Jardin du Roi et à la Faculté des Sciences de Paris; de la Société Royale de Londres; des Académies des Sciences de Saint-Petersbourg, de Berlin, de Stockholm, de Lisbonne, et de Munich; de la Société Géologique de Londres; de l'Université impériale de Wilna, de la Société Helvétique des Scrutateurs de la Nature, et de celle de Berlin, des Sociétés Minéralogiques de Dresde et de Jéna, de la Société Batave, des Sciences de Harlem; de la Société Italienne des Sciences; des Sociétés Philomathique et d'Histoire Naturelle de Paris, etc, décédé en sa maison, au Jardin du Roi, le 1<sup>er</sup> Juin, 1822, à l'âge de soixante-dix-neuf ans et trois mois;

"Qui se feront, le Lundi, 3 Juin 1822, en l'église paroissiale de Saint-Médard, à dix heures du matin. DE PROFUNDIS,

De la part de Monsieur et Madame VUILLEMOT HAÜY, et de Monsieur et Madame ROUGERON, ses neveux, nièce, petit neveu et petite nièce."

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF TELESCOPES. From Baron de Zach's Astronomical Correspondence.

WHATEVER some enthusiastic admirers of antiquity may say, the discovery of the telescope does not date further back than the end of the sixteenth, or the commencement of the seventeenth century. Some foolish dotards have even affirmed that it was a telescope that the devil made use of, when he took our Saviour to the top of a high mountain to show him all the kingdoms of the world; and Chas. Lamotte asserts that the Druids had telescopes. But all the passages in ancient writers that make mention of eye-glasses, relate only to burning-glasses, magnifying-glasses, and at the utmost to spectacles. All that Aristophanes, in his Comedy of the Clouds, (Act 2, Scene 1), puts into the mouth of Strepsiades, who threatened to melt the writing-tables of a lawyer with a glass at a distance, can prove nothing in favour of telescopes, and it is only a burning-glass that is meant.

The most probable supposition is, that the discovery was made by several persons about the same time,—by Zacharias Johann Jacob Metius, Johann Lapprey, Simon Marius, Galileo Galilei, and perhaps others. Accident made the first step, and theory the second. The history of the human mind furnishes many examples of accidental experiments, which contribute infinitely more than continued researches to discoveries and improvements in the arts. Coincidences, where

two persons, living at great distances from each other, conceived the same idea at the same time, are frequent. Such was the case with the discovery of the electric vial which Professor Cuviers, in Leyden, made in the year 1745, and at the same time Mr. Von Kleist, canon of Kamin, in Pomerania. The notion of positive and negative electricity was conceived at the same time by Dr. Watson and the renowned Franklin. The discovery of the identity of lightning and of the electric fluid was made in the year 1747 by Professor Winkler in Leipzig, and Dr. Franklin in America. The experiment with the kite was made at the same time by Dr. Franklin in America, and De Romas in France. There are many other modern discoveries made at the same time by various learned men, none of whom could be accused of having borrowed from the others.

Marquis Maffei, in his *Verona Illustrata*, (lib. 4, p. 2.) affirms that his fellow-citizen, Hieronymus Fracastor (who died A.D. 1553,) used a telescope a hundred years before Galilei, because in his work, *Homocentrica de Stellis* (Verona, 1538, Chap. 23,) he says, "If we look at the moon and stars through certain glasses, they appear much nearer; and two small glasses laid one over the other make objects appear much larger and nearer." This passage would rather prove that Fracastor did not know the telescope, for if he had had any notion of it, he certainly would not have said that two glasses must be laid one over the other to see the stars more clearly. Besides, Des Cartes, Galilei, Kepler, and all the astronomers of those times, would not have considered the discovery of the telescope, eighty years later, as a novelty.

The same remark is applicable to that passage in J. B. Porta's *Magia Naturalis*, where convex and concave glasses are spoken of; and, it is said, "He who understands how to combine them both in a proper manner, can clearly see both distant and very near objects (*si utrumque recte componere noveris, et longinqua et proxima clari videris*." It appears from this passage that Porta had no notion of a telescope, otherwise he would not have said we could see clearly both distant and very near objects, which is false. Porta merely intended to say that a convex glass might be connected with a concave one, in such a manner as to compensate for the too great convexity or concavity of one of the glasses. If the case were otherwise, who could believe that so remarkable and useful a discovery, of which Porta himself says he had communicated it to several friends who were short sighted and found it very useful, should have been neglected and forgotten for half a century. It is very probable that the Earl of Northumberland, Christopher Heydon, and Thomas Harriot, early received their telescopes from Drebbel, who procured them in Middleburg, either from Jans or Lapprey, two spectacle makers in that town, as Peter Borrelli relates. Drebbel, in the sequel, probably made them, or had them made in London. In the same manner, Simon Mayer in Germany, Galilei in Italy, and Harriot in England, probably saw the satellites of Jupiter about the same time. It is likely too that the spots of the sun were discovered by Marius, Phrysius, Galilei, Scheiner, Harriot, and several others, whose names are not known. In Harriot's papers there are numerous observations on these spots, with figures, which perfectly agree with the copper-plates in Scheiner's *Rosa Ursina*.

#### LITERATURE.

##### CHINESE LITERATURE.

*An Account of the King; or the Canonical and Moral Books of the Chinese (continued.)*

The *Chiking* is a collection of three hundred Odes, or short pieces in verse, amounting in the whole to thirty-nine thousand two hundred and thirty-four characters, and extracted by Confucius from the great collection deposited in the imperial library of the Tchou; for, from the most ancient times, poetry has been greatly honoured by the Chinese. Their language, full of figure and metaphor, attests this fact. Even the very name of poetry, which in Chinese signifies "Speech of the hall or the temple," shows that it was mingled with the public instructions of priests and magistrates. Finally, the profound veneration paid to the *Chiking* leaves no doubt on that score. If therefore the Jesuits, and especially the learned P. Cibot, in the notes of his "Observations on the Chinese Language," talk little of the credit of poetry with the government, if, according to P. Cibot, "they say in China that a man of letters makes many verses, just as they would say in France that a captain of foot plays much on the violin," it is an observation exclusively applicable to modern times. Of course it must be in China as elsewhere, that poetry loses its credit in proportion as public manners lose their energy and their simplicity. But, under the old patriarchal dynasties, those manners retained all their force, and poetry all its splendour.

"What I think of the *Chiking*," says the Emperor Chun-Tche, in the Preface to the Tartar translation of it executed under his superintendence, "is this: It is less a production of the mind than it is a picture of the passions, painted in verse, and after nature. It tends to form that politeness which embellishes the exterior, and those virtues which adorn the soul. This book points out what we ought to follow, and what we ought to avoid. It contains noble sentences, couched in a sublime style, which prescribe the ceremonies to be observed for the due honour of our ancestors, and which comprehend the precepts necessary for the government and the conduct of princes. That part of it which is for the use of labourers and of the people is expressed in plain and simple language. But whatever may be the verses, and on what subject soever they may treat, they have always for their object to inspire a taste for good manners. Confucius declared that the *Chiking* was composed to purify and direct our minds. Elsewhere, the same philosopher observes, that all the maxims in the odes may be reduced to this grand principle,—that we ought not even to have a low and criminal thought."

The *Chiking* is divided into three parts. The first, called *Koue-Fond*, or "The Manners of the Kingdoms," contains the poems and the songs which were current among the people, and which the Emperors, in their progresses, ordered to be collected, in order to judge from the tone and maxims of those pieces the state of public morals, and the disposition of the people in the federal kingdoms. The second part, composed of two sections, *Syao-ya* and *Ta-ya*, "The larger and the less excellence," comprehends productions of all kinds; odes, songs, canticles, elegies, epithalamiums, &c. The greater number are in praise of the Emperors, Kings, and governments; but there are also some satirical ballads upon them; and several

poems to the glory of agriculture. The third part, called *Song*, or "Praises," is a compilation of canticles and hymns, which were chanted in the sacrifices and ceremonies in honour of ancestors.

"It is clear," says the *jeanist Cibot*, "that we must here meet with unique details, affording an extensive knowledge of public manners during that long succession of ages; details the more interesting, as the poems in which they occur are so varied, and comprehend all classes, from the palace to the cottage. Our historians have in consequence, and with reason, made great use of this work. It is unnecessary to dwell on the proofs alleged of the authenticity of the *Chiking*. Three hundred compositions in verse, of all kinds and in every sort of style, cannot be so easily fabricated as the relation of a historian, who is the sole voucher for the facts which he recounts. Besides, the poetry is so beautiful and harmonious, the amiable and sublime tone of antiquity prevails so invariably, the pictures of manners are so simple and so individual, that no other evidence is requisite of its authenticity. It is to be presumed, however, that, since the days of Confucius, the copies of the *Chiking* have been much disfigured by interpolations, and by apocryphal passages. The style, too, occasionally metaphysical, is often so concise as to be rendered rather unintelligible. However, according to the testimony of Sir W. Jones, this very obscurity has something in it sublime and venerable in the eyes of many Chinese."

Several pieces of considerable extent have been translated, either by Father Premare, or by other missionaries; not literally, but with a fidelity a little adorned, of which Confucius himself afforded the model, when in several of his works he introduced fragments of the *Chiking*. I will select those which appear to me to be the most interesting.

The eighth ode of the twelfth book, called "Advice to the King," is a strong remonstrance, put into the mouth of the virtuous *Yen-wang*, the father of the founder of the third race.

"O grand and supreme lord, you are the sovereign master of the world, but how severe is your majesty, and how rigorous are your orders! Heaven, it is true, has given life and being to all the nations of the earth, but we must not wholly calculate on its liberality and its clemency. I know that it always begins like a father, but I do not know that it never ends like a judge.

"*Yen-wang* laments. Alas! kings of this world. You are cruel, and your ministers are tigers and wolves; you are avaricious, and your ministers are so many blood-suckers. You suffer such creatures to surround you; you raise them to the first offices; and because you have compelled heaven to visit you with the spirit of infatuation, you place these wretches at the head of your subjects!

"*Yen-wang* laments. Alas! kings of this world. When you give a wise man access to you, instantly the wicked vow his destruction, and spread a thousand false reports, in order to conceal their hatred under specious pretexts. You listen to them; you are fond of them. A gang of robbers inhabits your palace, and therefore it is that the imprecations of your people are boundless.

"*Yen-wang* laments. Alas! kings of this world. The murmurs of your people are like

the cries of grasshoppers; and their veins boil with anger. You are on the brink of ruin, and yet you alter nothing. Pestilence is in the heart of the empire, and extends to its most barbarous extremities.

"*Yen-wang* laments. Alas! kings of this world. It is not the lord whom you ought to accuse of so many ills. They are to be ascribed only to yourselves. You have never deigned to listen to the old and the wise. You have driven them all from your presence. But, although you have no longer those venerable persons near you, you have still the laws. Why do you not fulfil them, in order to avert the calamities which are ready to overwhelm you?

"*Yen-wang* laments. Alas! kings of this world. It is but too true that that which has killed this beautiful tree is,—not that the branches have been broken, not that the leaves have been plucked,—but that the root was spoilt and rotten. As you ought to see yourselves in the kings who have preceded and resembled you, so will you one day serve as an example to those who follow you. The world grows older, and is always receiving new lessons; but it becomes no better!"

The two following Odes are from the first Book:—

#### *The Young Widow.*

"A bark lanced upon the waters never re-ascends the shore. My locks, formerly flowing over my brow, were clipped, or curled upon my head. I belong to the husband who received my vows; I will preserve them for his sake 'till death. O, my mother! my mother! why do you urge your rights? My heart respects them, and compares your benefits to those of Tien; but that heart will never stain itself with perjury.

"A bark lanced upon the waters never re-ascends the shore. My locks, formerly flowing over my brow, were clipped, or curled upon my head. My faith was plighted to my husband. I will be constant to him 'till death. O, my mother! my mother! why do you urge your rights? My heart respects them, and compares your benefits to those of Tien; but that heart will never stain itself with perjury."

#### *The Shepherdess.*

"O *Tchong-tsee*, I pray thee come not into our hamlet; break no more the branches of our willows. I dare not love thee. The fear of my father and of my mother restrains me. My heart may incline towards thee; but can I forget what my father and my mother have said to me?

"O *Tchong-tsee*, I conjure thee climb not our wall; break no more the branches of our mulberry-trees. I dare not love thee. The fear of my brothers restrains me. My heart may incline towards thee; but can I forget what my brothers have said to me?

"O *Tchong-tsee*, I entreat thee, enter not our garden; break no more the branches of our sandal trees. I dare not love thee. The fear of my kinsfolk restrains me. My heart may incline towards thee; but can I forget what my kinsfolk have said to me?"

The following are other Odes of the *Chiking*; which Father Cibot says he has rudely sketched:\*

#### *The Departure of a Friend.*

(It is a female who sings.)

"The swallow flies with a swift wing. I accompanied my friend as far as it was possible.

\* Notes in the "Essay on the Language of the Chinese."

sible. We were obliged to separate. In vain my eyes seek for her in the remotest distance; she appears no more. Flow, flow, my tears.

"The swallow sings while she flies. I called my friend aloud, I repeated her name to the echoes, but she heard not; she was already far from me. Flow, flow, my tears; I sink under my grief.

"O dear and affectionate friend, thy virtues were the delight of my soul. Faithful to the truth, thou wouldst have blushed at the slightest dissimulation. Never didst thou swerve from the path of innocence. Benevolence was thy passion. Wisdom ever guided thy steps. Oh! how tenderly didst thou exhort me to remain faithful to the spouse whom death had snatched from me!"

#### *The Complaint of a divorced Wife.*

"Like two clouds which unite in the heavens, and which the most violent storms cannot separate, we were bound to one another by an everlasting marriage. Thenceforward we ought to have formed but one soul. The slightest taint of anger or disgust ought to have been a crime. And thou, like one who tears up the grass and leaves the roots, thou banishedst me from thy house; as if, faithless to my honour and my virtue, I were no longer worthy of being thy wife, and ought to cease to exist! Alas! with what pain did I drag myself away! My heart drew me towards the dwelling I had quitted. The ungrateful man! He accompanied me but a few steps; he left me at the door; he parted from me with pleasure. But thou adorest the new object of thy adulterous passion. Go! thy infidelity will stain thy second nuptials, and will poison their delights. O heaven! these nuptials; thou celebratest them with joy. I am become worthless in thine eyes; thou wilt have no more of me; and I, I will have no more of thy penitence. What were not my struggles on the rapid stream which I stemmed with thee? To what labours did I not consent for the interests of thy family? I sacrificed myself to render thee happy. It was I who won for thee all the friendships thou hast gained; and now thou lovest me no longer; thou even hatest me; thou despisest and forgettest me. I lost all my charms as soon as I completed thy felicity. What repose and comfort I was preparing for our old age! Another will enjoy them with thee; and I shall languish in shame and sorrow! Alas! how dreadful were thy last looks! They breathed only hate and fury. My evils are without remedy. He is offended at my affection, and reddens with anger at my kindness."

"How can one restrain one's tears," says Father Cibot, "in reading an Ode which commences with the following five stanzas?"

"So, then, the King of Heaven listens no longer to mercy! He desolates the earth with famine and pestilence. Pale death fills the whole Empire with mourning and tears. Oh, ire! Oh, dreadful vengeance! Heaven no more selects its victims, it strikes every where, with redoubled blows. Nothing is seen but the dead; nothing is heard but the dying. It is just, it is just; pity not the guilty—let them perish. But must the innocent share their fate? Must the infants, hanging at the exhausted breasts of their languishing mothers, expire in torture?"

"Weep, sigh, groan; let every place resound with the cries of our repentance. Oh, father! Oh, father! do our ingratitude and our malevolence triumph over thy pity and thy goodness? But, what do I see! Blood flows every where! Assassination destroys

\* "Remarks on the Antiquity of the Chinese."

those whom famine had spared! Husbands, wives, children, friends, all fear and fly from one another! It is over corpses that they pass to hurry to feasts. Tremble, impious men, tremble. You inhale death with the air you breathe. Those eyes, glistening with adultery and incest, are about to close forever."

#### The Afflicted Son.\*

"Like the stately stems which are at once the glory and protection of the root by which they have been produced, I will be, said I to myself, the joy and the support of my parents. Vain hope of a sensible and grateful heart! I am only like those worthless suckers which exhaust and destroy the root that has nourished them. My father and mother are in want, and I can give them no relief. Alas! their desolate old age will reap no fruit from the sufferings and labours which their love of me cost them! The more valuable an urn, and the more beautifully carved, the more it is degraded by being matched with a coarse and mis-shapen vase. The shame of a son is the degradation of his parents. Alas! souls ever so little noble prefer death to dishonourable life. How is it that I do not sink under the overwhelming reflection, that I am as without father and mother; since they cannot think of their son without blushing? If it is dreadful to abandon myself to my despair, it is still more so to struggle against it. Oh, my father! you are the dear author of my being. Oh, my mother! your tender cares preserved me; your arms were my first cradle; your breasts suckled me; your garments covered me; your bosom warmed me; your kisses consoled me; and your caresses rejoiced me. You allowed me to be withdrawn from you, only to take me again with increased ardour. Oh, my father! Oh, my mother! your benefits surpass the stars in number; they are more measureless than the heavens; and the intensity of my gratitude serves only to oppress me with the sense of my misery. The great mountain of Nan-Chan lifts its magnificent summit to the skies; a perpetual Zephyr wafts thither freshness and plenty; its inhabitants abound in riches. Why am I the only one overwhelmed with a flood of evils? Why am I the only one drowned in tears? Will their spring never be dried up? Oh, mountain of Nan-Chan, how the sight of thee increases my grief, and exasperates my despair! Thy elevation astonishes the spectators. Every season lavishes upon thee new pleasures, and loads thee with wealth. All who dwell upon thee follow their own inclinations, and enjoy the sweets of life. Why must no hope suspend my sighs? Alas! I am the only son in the universe who can render no succour to the old age of his parents."

#### The Brother.

"No tree can be compared to the *Tchang-ti*, which spring has crowned with a thousand flowers. No human being can be compared to a brother. A brother laments the death of his brother with tears of real grief. Were his corpse hanging over an abyss, fixed on

\* "A nation depicts itself in every thing," observes with truth the same Missionary; "the Chinese have a greater number of poetical compositions on filial piety, conjugal love, fraternal affection, the union of families, the afflictions of one's country, &c. than all the learned people on the other side of the ocean."

† It is a general opinion in the East, that the father alone is the source of life, and that the mother is only its conservator.

the point of a rock, or plunged into the poisoned waters of the deepest gulf, he would procure for it a grave. The turtle-dove moans alone in the silence of the woods; but I have a brother who shares my affliction. The most tender friend only endeavours to console me. My brother feels my grief as I do. It is his own. When peril approaches, my brother shelters me with his own person. What joy to him to see me delivered! What delight to see me happy! With our parents we share our good fortune; the approach of a brother augments it. The pleasantest holidays are those on which I meet him. The most agreeable repast is that at which he sits by my side. His presence gladdens my soul; I pour it into his bosom. Fraternal affection has all the tenderness of love. With an amiable and virtuous wife you enjoy every nuptial delight; and children, worthy of you, crown your wishes. Do you desire to secure your felicity? Cement it with fraternal affection. Fraternal affection is in families what the *Kin* and the *Che*\* are in the concerts in which they sustain and enrich every voice. Oh, fraternal affection! happy are the families in which thou reignest! Thy spells will attract all the virtues, and banish to a distance every vice."

Undoubtedly that cannot have been a vulgar people, who, long before the times of Homer and of Solomon, were capable of feeling, and of describing in beautiful poetry, such sentiments; and who could show, in their sacred volumes, a collection of songs so tender and so sublime.

\* Instruments of music.

(To be continued.)

#### FINE ARTS.

##### ENGRAVING.

THE Members of the Artists' Fund, established in 1810, have commenced a plan for publishing prints in aid of that Institution. The body of members is so numerous (about 120,) that they rely on their own individual exertions for the sale of whatever they may publish, by which means they save for their fund the great per centage, which has hitherto been allowed to dealers in works of that kind. Mr. John Pye first conceived and promulgated the idea of this project, and a committee has been appointed to carry the object into effect: It consists of J. S. Agar; G. Clint, A.R.A.; A. Cooper, R.A.; W. & G. Cooke; W. Daniell, R.A.; D. Dighton; W. Flinden; J. Green; W. Mulready, R.A.; C. Mass; J. Pye; and R. R. Reinagle, R.A.

The Committee have selected the picture entitled the Wolf and Lamb, in the possession of His Majesty, painted by W. Mulready, R.A. to be engraved by J. H. Robinson, for the first plate. It will be finished in two years.

##### PORTRAIT OF H. R. BISHOP.

MR. BISHOP, the musical composer, has just been done by S. Reynolds, from a portrait by T. Foster. As a work of Art it is most meritorious; as the "counterfeited semblance" of a professional musician, rather absurd. Mr. Bishop is represented in a superb military cloak, which, if it were suitable to any of his "tribe," could only be fit for Bethoven, as a frontispiece to the *Battle Symphonica*. It makes the *likeness* more like a *Svaroff* or a *Blucher*, than that of the gentle compounder of gentle sounds; and we expect to see the back-ground occupied with bayonets instead of bassoons, and can-

non or caissons instead of clarionets and fiddle-cases. Indeed the forms and whole air are out of place and affected; and we can only praise the mechanical execution of the plate.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### POETICAL CATALOGUE OF PICTURES.

###### STOTHARD'S ERATO.

Gentlest one, I bow to thee,  
Rose-lipp'd queen of posy,  
Sweet ERATO, thou whose chords  
Waken but for love-touched words!  
Never other crown be mine  
Than a flower-linked wreath of thine:  
Green leaves of the laurel tree  
Are for Bards of high degree;  
Better rose or violet suit  
With thy votary's softer lute.  
Not thine those proud lines that tell  
How kings ruled, or heroes fell;  
But that low and honey tone  
So peculiarly Love's own;  
Music such as the night breeze  
Wakens from the willow trees;  
Such as murmurs from the shell,  
Wave-kissed in some ocean cell;  
Tales sweet as the breath of flowers,  
Such as in the twilight hours  
The young Bard breathes; and also thine  
Those old memories divine,  
Fables Grecian poets sung  
When on Beauty's lips they hung,  
Till the essenced song became  
Like that kiss, half dew, half flame.  
Thine each frail and lovely thing,  
The first blossoms of the spring:  
Violets, ere the sun ray  
Drinks their fragrant life away;  
Roses, ere their crimson breast  
Throws aside its green moss vest;  
Young hearts, or ere toil, or care,  
Or gold, has left a sully there.  
Thine, too, other gifts above,  
Every sign and shape of love,  
Its first smile, and its first sigh,  
Its hope, its despondency,  
Its joy, its sorrow, all belong  
To thy so delicious song.  
Fair ERATO, vowed to thee,  
If a lute like mine may be  
Offered at thy myrtle shrine,  
Lute and heart and song are thine.  
Broken be my treasured lute,  
Be its every number mute,  
Ere a single chord should waken,  
By thee or by Love forsaken.  
Gentlest one, I bow to thee,  
Rose-lipp'd queen of posy!

L. E. L.

[Cervantes mentions that the Spaniards hold in detestation the memory of Florida; nor is the tradition less inveterate among the Moors, since the same author speaks of a promontory on the coast of Barbary called "the Cape of the Caba Rumia," or Cape of the Wicked Christian Woman: and it is said among the Moors that Caba, or Cava, or Florida, the daughter of Count Julian, lies buried there; and they think it ominous to be forced into that bay, for they never go in otherwise than by necessity.]

##### THE CAPE OF THE CABA RUMIA.

Sail on!—what power has our luckless bark  
To this ominous realm betray'd!  
Where Cava's rock, o'er the waters dark,  
Points out where her bones are laid!  
Away! away!—tho' tempests sweep  
And waves rage loud and high,  
Brave all the terrors of the deep,  
But come not that haven sigh!

The spirit of the fatal fair  
Hovers dimly over her grave;  
'Tis her voice that rings thro' the troubled air,  
'Tis her moan that wakes the wave.  
Oh! dearly the sons of Spain can tell  
The woes that her beauty cost.  
When Roderic, won by that witching spell,  
Fame, honour, and country lost.

And ever her name is an evil sound,  
And her memory hated shall be;  
And woe and dangers that bark surround  
That Cava's rock shall see.

Then hasten on for some happier shore,  
Nor that Cape still linger near,  
That the Spaniard true and the infidel Moor  
Alike avoid with fear.

Sail on!—what power has our luckless bark  
To this ominous realm betray'd!  
Where Cava's rock, o'er the waters dark,  
Points out where her bones are laid!

July 30, 1823.

M. E.

## THE GENIUS OF DREAMS.

Sleep and silence wrap the earth,  
Hush'd is every voice of mirth;  
Labour's daily task is done,  
The weary rustic home has gone;  
And from the hamlet not a sound  
Breaks the hallowed peace around.  
Even in the lordly banquet hall  
'Tis darkness now, and stillness all;  
The guests have left the dance and feast,  
The music's sprightly tones have ceas'd,  
And not a taper's glimmering light  
Disturbs the solemn reign of night.

To the sleeping world descending,  
See a fairy form is bending;  
It sails upon the fleecy clouds,  
Whose vapour mist its beauty shrouds:  
A wand, enrich'd with gems of light,  
Is pendant from its girdle bright;  
In its hand two charmed wreaths,  
One of flow'rs, whose scented breaths  
And rainbow beauties far outvie  
The fairest seen by mortal eye:  
The other wreath all dark appears,  
Of cypress twinn'd, and bath'd in tears.  
Spirit, descend! I know thee now,—  
I know thee by thy shaded brow  
And changing cheek, on which is wrought  
Each image of thy varying thought.  
Yes, thou art he whose shadowy beam  
Illumes the sleeper's vision'd dream,  
When, from its every fetter free,  
The wand'ring Soul is led by thee.  
Fantastic guide!—who would not love  
For ever by thy side to rove?  
Who would not quit a world like this  
For thy bright realm of bliss;  
And leave behind them, as they fly,  
Life and its dull reality?  
One touch of thine enchanted wand  
Transports us to a distant land,—  
Unites the ties that Fate would sever,  
Recalls the joys now gone for ever.  
Thy rosy wreath of fairy flowers  
Brings back the light of happy hours,  
And throws its warm and glowing ray  
On Sorrow's cold and cloudy way.  
But oh! their hopeless heart must pine  
Who wear that darker wreath of thine!  
Beneath its sad and baleful shade  
Their blooming hopes must droop and fade.  
The world has many toils and cares,  
But none so keenly felt as theirs.  
O'er long past scenes of grief and pain  
Time draws its veiling cloud in vain;

Thy potent spell can each renew,  
And give to each a deeper hue;  
Can wring the heart with anguish torn,  
By cold neglect and cutting scorn,  
Until, oppress'd almost to breaking,  
Thou leav'st it no relief but—waking!

July 1823.

FATHER FRANCIS.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

"Good bye, Dick!" said an elderly lady—one foot on the step of her carriage, her left hand hold of the body, and turning half round, her right extended to a bold, handsome-looking gentleman in a radical hat. I am no physiognomist; but I love to trace the goodness of the heart when 'tis pictured in the countenance. I know a man may "smile, and smile, and be a villain;" but I'd rather have a feeling of benevolence and harmony for all human nature, than one grain of splenetic animosity. However here there could be no deception; 'twas plain matter-of-fact—an index, and no errata. There was something, too, so very expressive in the lady's countenance—it was a look that cannot be described; like the sun bursting through a shower—mingling pleasure and grief. The remains of beauty were visible in her face, or rather it was beauty still, though differing from her youthful day of frolic mirth, resembling a calm evening after a lovely noon. "Good bye, Dick!" said she; "I shall take an airing this way again before long. Good bye!" The hands were disjoined, she entered the carriage, and the parties disappeared. "Who is that gentleman?" said I to one of the old dolphin-strikers that stood centry at the door. "That gemman, Sir," replied the veteran, "is Sir R— K—, our Commander-in-Chief, and a worthier fellow never stepp'd 'twixt stem and stern. This is his cabin—his house I mean. He is a sailor, Sir, and that's saying every thing. But I'm on duty, and masn't stand speechifying; yet if you wants to know any thing about him, I often sees you here—Ax for Tim Bobstay, and I'll—yes, I'll give you a spell."—"Thank ye, Tim, thank ye, my worthy soul, I'll take you at your word." So he shoulder'd his thing-hum-he (all-but I think they call it), and stood as erect as a fathom of smoke.

A group of old blades were assembled on the terrace, cutting their jokes and gabbling like wild-geese on a common. I stole among them, sat down, and pulling out a book, appeared to be reading with profound attention. "Then you know nothing about it," roared an old rough knot in a laced coat and cocked-up hat. He had left his left arm in the Mediterranean when he lent a fist to thrash the French out of Acre, under Sir Sidney Smith. But that was nothing; he never could be persuaded that it was placed upon the right shoulder, and this did away with the argument. One of his legs too had danced itself off while leading up the middle at Lord Cochrane's attack upon the French fleet in Basque Roads; moreover his starboard eye had sunk into his head, as he used to say, to search for his brains, but it threw no light upon the subject.—"Then you know nothing about it," Sir Sidney had both a head and a heart, and when alongside of the enemy, would hammer away like a coppersmith. Bless his honest face and his curly wig!—he was none of your fantasmagoria sort of fellows; and now you 'se put me up, I'll e'en sit down and

give you a curious antidote about him. D'ye see he had his flag flying in the Pondroyant, at the time the Portygeese court nutmegged to the Brazil. Homo-grated I mean—and took French-leave of their country. We brought up in Port Praya at St. Jago's, one of the Cape Verds, and after the usual salutes and *bon bons* the Admiral went ashore to dine with the Governor. Well, he was ushered into the saloon, and introduced to a stranger dress'd in deep black, who had been landed some days before from a Yankee schooner, to collect plants for bottom-me I think they call it. After introduction, Sir Sidney whispered his Head-to-come, and the officer immediately withdrew. So, d'ye see, they sat down to dinner. Well, just as the disheart was set upon the table, in comes the Officer again, bringing with him the Captain of Marines. The Admiral rose from his seat, turned round, and pointing to the gemman in black, said, "Captain H—, you'll consider this person under your charge." Then changing his position, he sluiced round:—"General," said he, "see lay fortune dig here; I was your prisoner once, now you are mine." It was an Officer of the French army, who had guarded Sir Sidney when in prison in France, and was now acting as a spy. Well, d'ye see, the Admiral brought him aboard, and they mess'd together like good friends till we arrived at Rio Janeiro, when he was delivered up to the Portygeese government, and then—it makes my old heart thump against my ricketty timbers to think of it. He was a fine fellow; and though our brave Admiral tried every means to save him, yet he was condemn'd to labour in the mines for life. I'd rather be flogg'd at any time than have my grog stoppt; and I think death must have been preferable to that constant sickness of heart arising from hope deferred, as our poet the lollyboy used to say. The whole ship's company pitied him; he was our enemy, to be sure, but then he was in our power. Howsoever I arn't much skill'd in the knowledge of that ere idol that so many people worships, called Polly-ticks. My old girl Bet can wash a shirt or sow on a button with any she-goddess in the world, and so can I, for matter of that; and I'll make a sea-pie or cut out a pair of trowsers with the Queen of She-bear any day in the week—and Solomon says she was no fool either. Once more, and then I'll belay. The boats were all ashore at Port Praya watering. Some on you have seen the militia of the island—them as parades the beach with a bag-a-knit stuck on a mopstick, and a cutlash without a scabbard hung by a strip of green hide; and then there's a whole troop of Light Dragoons mounted on Jerusalem ponies. Well, d'ye see, one of these fellows drew his sword and made a cut at the cock-son of the lanch;—it fell on his head; but Lord bless you, he might just as well have tried to cut into this stone! Flint and steel always strike fire, and he was a precious hot-headed joker; so what does he do but claps the soldier, Rustyante, accoutrements and all into the boat, and takes him alongside with the casks. The hands were turned up, clear boats—'twas just dusk—the tackles were overhaul'd down, and the falls manned. "Mind how you clap on the slings that the butts don't slip out," said the First Lieutenant. "Aye, aye, Sir,"—Hook on, and not so much noise alongside. You've been fool of the hoggy-dent again. But he

\* Aqueadente; a powerful liquor.

was mistaken, for it was ass-a-fetter d-ha. Silence, I say again! Haul tant!—hoist away! Away, danced the men, the fiers playing Drops of Brandy. Well behaved, men—this butt's not full—it comes up very light, roar'd the Lieutenant, advancing to the gangway—What the deuce have we got here, St. David and his goat? High enough!—high enough!—and indeed it was a high rig, for what should it be but the Royal Horse-guard, regularly mounted on his donkey, swinging aloft by the main-yard tackle 'twixt heaven and ocean, in an awful state of suspense. Huggwugg—Huggwugg—(there's no vowel in the Bray of an ass)—roar'd Jack, while the trooper joined chorus most millodiously till he was safely landed on the deck. The Cockson laid his complaint; and the Officer, thinking the fellow had been sufficiently punished, sent him ashore again, advising him for the future to have nothing to do with sharps, for it was a comical thing to fall into the hands of AN OLD SAILOR."

## THE BARLEY-CORN CLUB.—NO. III.

Many thanks, Mr. Harcastle, for your kind letter, which, though apologetic and procrastinatory, affords us at least a glimmering hope of your company this summer. The reason you assign for having ceased to chirp over your caps does you infinite honour; you have, it seems, been more than ever conscious of mortality since the decease of that noble creature, John Kemble. Give me leave to counsel you not to be too fretfully impatient to get rid of your low spirits: "Melancholy," says our friend Flinders, "is like the mosquito; brush it off hastily, and it leaves its festering sting behind; have the quiet forbearance so leave it to itself, and it will fall away harmlessly as soon as it has taken its fill." You say that you are trying to amuse yourself with the collection of anecdotes relating to our great tragedian, for the optional use of his biographer. If you have the ear of that gentleman, be pleased to warn him, however needlessly, against the error of exhibiting the Roscius of this age in too lofty an attitude; let us be enabled to contemplate him, not alone as Cato or King John, but as the accomplished scholar and man of taste, to whom the direction of theatricals was, after all, a mere pastime. Let us be entertained with his familiar discourse, and enjoy some passages of his easy jocularity and quiet humour. To explain my meaning more clearly, I will relate an anecdote which is vouched for: Mr. Kemble was once superintending the rehearsal of a tragedy, (Coriolanus, I believe;) and while beholding the effect of the oration, he noticed an individual in the train who required nothing to make him pass for a Roman but a little more decision and dignity in his deportment and gait. He approached the man, and having given him the requisite advice, said, in the mild, aspiratory under-tone of his voice, and with an expostulatory earnestness, to assure him that he had a reputation to sustain with the audience—"They . . . like you;—(adding, with a comically artless admission of comparative inferiority,) they . . . like . . . me!" This was pleasantly said; and I should have been almost as much gratified at the hearing of it, as I always was with his judicious delivery of Hamlet's instructions to the players. Peace to his manes! I was going to call him *ultimus Romanorum*; but that phrase, since Pope employed it in deploring the death of Mr. Congreve, has been so often used, that, like our village undertaker's second-best velvet pall, it has become somewhat threadbare. However, the tragic Muse of Britain will not, in our time at least, have to boast another such fiery and eagle-spirited hero to "flutter the Volsces in Corioli."

You say that in your present unconfirmed state of health you crave something light and amusing; and you beseech me for the present to overlook, in my promised research among the Stukeley

papers, all writings relative to mathematics, metaphysics, polemics, philology, and criticism. Though this prohibition may occasion me some trouble in altering a preconcerted scheme of selection, be assured that I shall respect it as much as possible. Light reading, such as is usually served up at watering-places, I can almost venture to promise you; and if trifles of rather an antique date can still amuse you, why it shall go hard but you shall in some sort be amused.

That I may proceed on my task in that progressive, orderly, and deliberate manner which most pleaseth me, I shall, as on a former occasion, suppose you personally present here; and sufficiently stout, with the help of your cane, and walking with me to our curate's residence, the parsonage, pleasantly stunted amidst orchard and garden grounds on the slope of an upland about a bow-shot from our end of the village. At this particular time of the forenoon we shall, I dare say, discern, in occasional glimpses among the trees, a *chapeau de paille*, which I may as well tell you shades the fair and blooming face of Miss Jane, the orphan niece of Mr. Stukeley. As the family papers and the parlour that contains them are confided to her care, I must now take leave to say something for the purpose of preparing you for an introduction to her; though I had much rather that this were done by our young friend Charles Page, between whom and the damosel there exists that incipient liking which bears as near an affinity to love as the first blush of dawn does to sunrise. I verily believe that, were he here, he would quote to you, on this theme, a cento of enamoured descriptions out of our English poets and bardings, from Sir Geoffrey Chaucer down to his modern translator, Lord Thurlow; nay, that he would press into the same service the brightest pages of all the approved novelists, beginning with Michael Cervantes, and ending with the Author of Waverley. But what would be excusable, perhaps becoming in him, would be impertinent in me; besides, why should I attempt to describe a person whom you are so soon to behold? Were the case otherwise, I should choose to be equally concise, and in reference to her personal loveliness, content me with a single simile from Dan Chaucer—"a lily on her stalk green;" and as to other attractions I would, if it were not pedantic, sum them all up in the favourite word *donayre*, applied by Cervantes to his unquestionably favourite lady, Dorothea, taking that word to mean propriety, elegance, and grace in all that is said and done. You are so superfluous as to ask me what station she holds in the family. She is the ward of her uncle, and the cherished companion of her aunt, whom she assists in the various details of a household containing a numerous flock of children, to say nothing of the pupils of Mr. Stukeley. Her leisure is divided between the culture of flowers, and the regulating of what we will term, for variety's sake, the monument-room, to which she attends with truly filial care. The papers are kept in the neatest order; and in whatever state of confusion they may have been left over-night, they are all to be found in their places on the following day. You may with truth call them *reliquiae sine putrefactio*; but you are not to infer from her reverential care of them that the Janitrix herself is of a literary turn: of all the daughters of the line of Stukeley, there has been only one who might be said to have assumed the *bas bleus*; and she was contemporary with Lady Wortley Montague. The discourse of our fair friend may be taken as a simple but choice specimen of genuine oral English, unincumbered with antiquated or neurological vocables ending in *osity* and *ation*. She has made greater progress in music than in French, either because George Vaughan, as an instructor on the piano, possesses higher qualifications than those which our French professor, Monsieur Bonsoir du Revoir, can command for explaining the intricacies of his native language; or because, to use her own frank avowal, she deems one tongue enough for a woman. I am beginning to be descriptive, and prolix withal: two more words, and I have done.

You understood me to intimate that there exists what the euphuists of the day call a *tenderness* between her and Master Charles, by which I mean, in the English of Queen Elizabeth's time, that they *funny* each other. It has been customary with me, after exchanging the usual good-morrow on passing through the garden, slightly to notice this—attachment shall I call it?—in the way of distant allusion; descending, for instance, on the affinity of tastes, and even the personal resemblance discernible in certain persons—a resemblance with a difference—a sort of marriage likeness, or digressing, in a desultory way, on other generalities to which an argument of this kind affords fair scope. There ensues a rapid skirmish of words, and whether the rally be displeasing or not I am unable to say; but I have observed that the accidental or purposed omission of it is invariably attended with one consequence. When the slight repast is sent in at noon, I find that the glass of my favourite cowslip is transmuted (no doubt by some knavish sleight of King Aberon's jester, Robin Goodfellow,) into bitterish orange wine, a liqueur for which I have a slight detestation.

Miserarum est, neque amori dare ludum

Neque dulci mala vino lavare. . .

I believe, Ephraim, I have now wearied even you with this verbiage; so supposing the introduction to be over, and you heart-whole, we will proceed without more ado to the papers, which I shall take from their cases without much regard to chronological order.

The first packet that I shall offer to your notice is indorsed, "Letters that passed between Richard, Francis, and John Stukeley, in the time of the Commonwealth; to which is added an Account of their happy Meeting after the Restoration of His Majesty Charles the Second." This is a very curious, and, for the troubled time to which it relates, a very lively correspondence. Richard, the eldest brother, and head of the house, lost much coin, but fortunately little land, through his steady adherence to the King's party in the civil wars, and through his protection of an eminent person who had invited the persecution of the Roundheads by penning and issuing satirical ballads upon them. This fun the fugitive continued to practise in his perilous concealment, to the surprise, and at length to the infinite diversion of his worthy host, who carefully treasured up the effusions. Francis, the second brother, kept aloof from civil broils, and was screened from the hostility levelled against his house by the friendship of a brother-in-law of Cromwell, Doctor John Wilkins, the renowned projector, in whose works, particularly in that called an Essay towards a Real Character and a Philosophical Language, he largely co-operated. The third brother, John, was the friend of Admiral Blake, whom he accompanied on most of his terrible and undeniable visits to the Mynheers, the Mousmeers, the Dons, and the Algerines. He was with him at Santa Cruz de Teneriffe, accompanied him on his last voyage home, and attended the funeral landing of his corpse at Plymouth. Like his great friend, he had been grieved and disappointed in the hypocritical ambition of Cromwell, whose memory, however, he held in respect, and whom he would never name by any other title than that of my Lord Protector. From his letters while on service, and from those of Richard and Francis, garnished as they are with some fugitive satires of the time, we may select a few occasional passages for our future edification and amusement.

Here is a detached paper of a much later date, called the "Oneiro-Critick, or a Prospective and Anticipatory View of the various sublime Projects now existing in Embryo, and likely to bud, blossom, and fructify in future Ages for the Welfare of this Nation, and the general Benefit of Mankind." Among others is a Plan for realizing the hitherto unattainable happiness of the people of England by a total reconstruction of the body politic, on such a model as shall tend to establish a more efficient consociation among the members thereof. All the towns in the kingdom, ac-

cording to this project, are to be razed to the ground, and rebuilt upon one uniform and unvarying diagram, parallelogrammatic in outline, and symmetrical in all its compartments. The inhabitants, rich and poor, are to surrender their property for the accumulation of a general fund, and to have exact measure taken of their capacities by a corps of philosophical tailors, on whose report their respective labours are to be assigned to them according to the mental and physical strength of each. Some are to manufacture chronometers and constitutions; others to stuff pin-cushions and scribble novels; but there is to be a total abolition of shop-keeping, and of every other source of individual enterprise and speculation in the way of purchase, sale, or barter. Old women, who in the present fortuitous and chaotic state of things can manage to earn a decent livelihood, even with half the use of their limbs, by selling tape and toys, are to be treated as old women, and pensioned off, with other cripples, on a stinted allowance. The machinery of society is to be regulated according to the minutest gradations in the scale of usefulness; and the animating principle of the whole community is to be that exalted species of self-love called public spirit. There are to be public workshops, public kitchens, public schools, public laundries, public refectories, gymnasia, museums, academies, lectures, laboratories, and assembly-rooms. In these philosophical associations every private individual is to be exonerated from the trouble of thinking for himself; he is to leave all his thoughts to be thought by the directorial committee. Courtships are to be instituted and marriages contracted, not according to the foolish predilections of the inexperienced, but agreeably to the deliberations of a council of elders; and the education of children is to be intrusted to the same senatorial superintendence. It is expected that by discipline and tuition all the irregular diversities of the human character, and the anomalous inequalities of the human intellect, will be rectified and reduced to a just standard by the efficient and unerring operation of the philanthropic regime; and that in process of time the whole human race, having been drilled to a more than Spartan control over their affections, passions, and prejudices, will march by platoons, in double quick time, to the bright ethereal and serene eminence of perfectibility.

Another paper under this head is thrown into the unpretending and familiar form of a letter to that severely impartial historian, Mrs. Macaulay, announcing the probable furtherance of her views for equalizing the advancement of learning, by a legislative measure. It foretels the speedy introduction of a bill into Parliament, in which (after a preamble extolling in that spread of education through all classes of society which has been productive of such decided amelioration,) that diffusion of scholarship, virtue, and erudition, through which every custom-house officer and preventive-service-man can now discern the difference between a chest of green tea and a bale of Greek manuscripts, or discriminate between a battered panel picture by Titian and an old sign-board. And after lamenting the effects of that remaining ignorance and consequent tyranny, treachery, and mistrust which continue to deform the existing social system, it is proposed to be enacted, by way of experiment, that for the future no person shall be admissible to the place of footman in any gentleman's family who shall not have taken the degree of Master of Arts; and that every man, foreigner or native, who aspires to the office of cook in such family as is afore-said, shall produce, as an indispensable qualification, an authenticated diploma of Medicine Doctor. This clause is considered as likely to be approved, especially by the country gentlemen, on the score of economy: the expense of a private tutor for the young masters and misses will be saved, by appropriating to worthy uses the ample leisure and well-attested talents of the footman; and as the cook will in every day's bill of fare insert a cautionary estimate of the quantum of gout and other ailments lurking in the several dishes, he

will exercise a control as salutarily severe as that of Doctor Pedro Recio over the gustatory propensities of his patron, and may thus take to himself the post of family physician, as being, to all intents and purposes, a sinecure.

The fair historian is then solicited to lend her assistance in anticipating, and if possible refuting certain objections likely to be urged against this bill by the keen-sighted gentlemen of the long robe, who will probably view it as tantamount to a removal of the last barrier to the general diffusion, or rather to the universal deluge of knowledge. If a little learning among laymen be a dangerous thing, a great deal of it in that quarter will to the lawyers be fatal. Already it is presumed "they entertain conjecture of a time" when Westminster Hall shall resound with the voices of plaintiffs and defendants pleading their own causes; when Bill the butcher and Tom the tallow-chandler shall taunt each other with the no longer ironical compliment of "my learned friend;" and when the barristers shall sit listening with drooping wigs and chop-fallen countenances, taking notes for a variorum volume of term reports, or resting in blank despair, and mentally ejaculating "Our occupation's gone."

These apprehensions being satisfactorily removed, it is expected that to Members of Parliament the accommodation contemplated in the proposed bill will be incalculable. Rather than fatigue his mind with the invention and arrangement of arguments, or the anticipation, comparison, and refutation of objections to a favourite measure, every gentleman will have recourse to his domestic political adviser; and instead of degrading his valet to the occupation of friseur, summon him to a consultation on the outline and detail of his speech, and thus, in a more exalted and gratifying sense, undergo the operation of having his head dressed before he goes down to the House.

The next paper is an unfinished sketch. It is entitled "Thoughts on the Revival of Poetry by a Process which shall convert the Bullion of the Ancients into Leaf Gold, and render available for subordinate Uses the Corinthian Brass of obsolete Moders." We may put it aside for the present, merely quoting a marginal note on an Ode for His Majesty's Birthday, 10th November, 1758, by William Whitehead, Poet Laureate. It occurs at the following passage:

... The genius of the Julian hill,  
Whose piny summits nod with snow.

A loan, says the scholiast, levied without acknowledgment upon Sylvester's Du Bartas: Now, when Winter's keener breath began  
To crystallize the Baltic Ocean,  
To glaze the lakes, to bridle up the floods,  
And periwig with snow the bald-pate woods,  
So much for Mr. Whitehead, whose piny summit nodded with snow.

The next paper in the Oneiro Critic particularly interests and gratifies me, because it is a proof of the friendship that may exist between rival scholars, even though they happen to be called by the same name. Its reputed author is the celebrated Doctor Stukeley, the Chyndonax, the Arch Druid, the Antiquary *par excellence*. He was not at all related to my Stukeleys; he was of the Stukeleys of Lincolnshire; and to make the difference absolute, he was a Cambridge man. The paper in question seems intended as a jeu d'esprit for the amusement of his namesake. It is entitled *Microcosmography*: a familiar introduction to the nomenclature employed by anatomists to commemorate their discoveries in exploring the outer regions and occult recesses of the human brain. I shall take future occasion to make some extracts from this. It is an agglomeration of most incongruous terms, suggesting images quite as uncouth, inapposite, and in some cases monstrous, as those wherewith astronomers from age to age have presumed to garnish, or rather, mar the fair face of heaven, and with their snakes, lures, birds, dogs, scorpions, giants, goats, crowns, cups, chairs, bulls, and bears, have striven to convert the starry firmament into a mere limbo of

vanity. What am I to understand by the pia mater and the dura mater, and all the other items in this fantastical vocabulary? I am glad to see, however, that its appendix contains certain contributions to the science of judicial craniology, compared with which the theory of the Sieurs Gall and Spurzheim may be called morally, as well as literally, superficial.

#### POPULAR PREJUDICES AND SUPERSTITIOUS IDEAS PECULIAR TO THE ESTHONIANS.

##### Of Unlucky Days, &c.

The fishermen who dwell on the coasts of the Baltic never use their nets between All Saint's and St. Martin's; they would then be certain of not taking any fish through the whole year: they never fish on Saint Blaise's day. On Ash Wednesday the women neither sew nor knit, for fear of bringing misfortune upon the cattle. They contrive so as not to use fire on St. Lawrence's day; by taking this precaution, they think themselves secure against fire for the rest of the year.

This prejudice of lucky and unlucky days has existed at all times and in all nations; but if knowledge and civilization have not removed it, they have at least diminished its influence. In Livonia, however, the people are more than ever addicted to the most superstitious ideas on this subject. In a Riga Journal (*Rigaische Stadtblätter*, No. 3637, anno 1822, edited by M. Sonntag,) there are several passages relative to a letter written from heaven, which is no other than a catalogue of lucky and unlucky days. This letter is in general circulation; every body carries it about him, and, though strictly forbidden by the police, the copies are multiplied so profusely as to increase an evil, all attempts to destroy which have hitherto failed. Among the country people this idea is equivalent to the doctrine of fatality; and if they commit faults, or even crimes, on the days which are marked as unlucky, they do not consider themselves as guilty, because they were predestined. - - - The flight of certain birds, or the meeting of certain animals on their first going out in the morning, are in their minds good or bad omens. - - - They do not hunt on St. Mark's or St. Catherine's day, on penalty of being unsuccessful all the rest of the year. - - - It is a good sign to sneeze on Christmas day. - - - Most of them are so prepossessed against Friday, that they never settle any important business, or conclude a bargain on that day; in some places they do not even dress their children. - - - They do not like visits on Thursdays, for it is a sign that they shall have troublesome guests the whole week.

The care and preservation of their flocks are also a fruitful source of superstitious ideas. - - - In some districts, when the shepherd brings back his flock from the pasture, in spring, for the first time, he is sprinkled with water from head to foot, in the persuasion that this makes the cattle thrive. - - - The malignity of beasts of prey is believed to be prevented by designating them not by their proper names, but by some of their attributes. For example, they call the fox *halkahl* (grey coat); the bear, *lujatyk* (broadfoot), &c. &c. - - - They also fancy that they can oblige the wolf to take another direction by strewing salt in his way. The howling of wolves, especially at day-break, is considered a very bad omen, predicting famine or disease. In more ancient times it was imagined that these animals thus asked their god to give them food, which he threw to them out of the

clouds. When a wolf seizes any of their cattle, they fancy they must oblige him to quit his prey by dropping a piece of money, their pipe, hat, &c. They do not permit the hare to be often mentioned, for fear of drawing it into their corn fields. --- To make hens lay eggs, they beat them with an old broom. --- In families where the wife is the eldest child of her parents, it has been observed that they always sell the first calves, being convinced that if kept they would not thrive. --- To speak of insects or mischievous animals at meal-time is a sure way to make them more voracious.

If a fire breaks out, they think to stop its fury by throwing a black hen into the flames. This idea, of an expiatory sacrifice offered to a malevolent or tutelary power, is a remnant of paganism. Various other traces of it are found among the Estonians; for instance, at the beginning of their meals they purposely let fall a piece of new bread, or some drops of liquor from a bottle not yet begun, as an offering to the divinity.

It is very offensive to the peasants for any one to look long into their wells; they think that it will cause the wells to dry up.

When manure is carted into the fields, that which falls from the cart is not gathered up, lest mischievous insects and blights come upon the corn.

When an old house is quitted for a new one, they are attentive in noting the first animal that dies. If it be an animal with hairy feet, the sign is good; but if with naked feet, some fowl, for instance, there is mourning in the house; it is a sign of misery and bad success in all their undertakings.

These are the prevalent popular prejudices in the three Duchies: a great number of them, especially among the Estonians, are connected with their ancient Mythology; others originate in that general weakness in the untaught mind, which seeks in strange practices a remedy for fancied future or actual present evils. The most enlightened nations are nevertheless full of prejudices. There are as many in the Rue St. Denis and the Marais, as there are on the banks of the Duna and Lake Peypus.

In another letter I shall give some particulars of the ancient religion of the people of the Baltic provinces, and compare it with Scandinavian Mythology. I am, Sir, &c.

COUNT DE BRAY.

#### VARIETIES.

Tuesday next, the King's birth day, has been fixed upon for laying the first stone of the new quadrangle at Trinity College, Cambridge. The Speaker of the House of Commons is named as His Majesty's proxy in the ceremonial of the day.

The King's letter to the Diocesan of England and Wales, authorising collections in parish churches, in aid of the National Schools, promises largely, we are glad to hear, the furtherance of this important and benevolent object.

A portrait of H.R.H. The Duke of York, as a companion to the portrait of the King, which has had so popular a reception, is on the eve of publication by Mr. Sams. We observe that it has been shown to His Majesty, and is permitted to be dedicated to him; a circumstance which stamps it with character.

The King's Theatre concluded its season on Tuesday with *Ricciardo e Zoraide*. We are informed that the concern passes into new hands,

I will have a Wife, a farce, produced last night for the first time at the English Opera House, is said (for we were not there) to have been favourably received; though of its newness doubts are expressed.

M. Belzoni.—We are concerned to state the failure of M. Belzoni's intended journey across Mount Atlas to Tombuctoo. By a letter from that traveller, dated Gibraltar, 20th June, he states his having met with an unexpected stop to his progress from the Emperor of Morocco, through whose country he wished to pass. Mr. B. attributes his failure to some intrigues, but adds, "they are woefully mistaken who think that they can turn me back with one blow. The only consequence of this reverse is, that owing to what I have gathered of information, I shall be able to proceed with better prospects in another quarter; and by the time you will receive this, I shall probably be one-third of my journey further south than I have been in my last route."—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

A letter from Rome states, that the church of St. Paul, *extra muros*, has been consumed. This fine and ancient building contained many of the pillars and other fragments taken from the celebrated Tomb of Hadrian; which are now again covered with ruins.

His Majesty the Emperor of Russia has just sent to M. Garcin de Tassy, joint Secretary and Librarian of the Asiatic Society, a magnificent diamond ring, in testimony of the interest which His Majesty takes in the researches of M. de Tassy into the languages and literature of the East.

A fourth Number of The Liberal has appeared; but that work has lost so entirely the feature which at first distinguished it from common periodicals, and is really so contemptible in a literary point of view, that we feel no inclination to disturb its soporific birth.

There is now living at Brussels a poetical shoemaker of the name of Frémolle, who has published a volume of French Quatrains, Madrigals, &c. under the title of "Loisirs d'un Artisan." M. Frémolle is a modest person; and no one who reads the following lines, addressed to one of his customers, can say to him, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*.

To the Countess of —, on sending her home a Pair of white Satin Shoes.

"Insensible chaussure, indigne d'un beau sort,  
Ephemere ornement qu'un rien s'etire et change,  
Celle qui vous attend va nous donner la mort;  
Mais vous aurez vécu pour les plaisirs d'un ange."

A young critic, who had been chiefly accustomed to the Opera, being at the representation of "Virginius" the other evening, on hearing the lover of Virginia called Icilius, exclaimed, "Ha! ha! he is disguised then? That is Paul, Virginia's sweetheart. I know a thing or two." But when Valerius was announced, "This is too much!—a Valerius not blind!" It may easily be supposed how his dramatic erudition was shocked when he found that the catastrophe was the stabbing and not the shipwreck of Virginia. "Assuredly," he observed, on leaving the house, "this is not the place in which to study the history of France."—*Paris Letter*.

It is said that a new miracle has been performed by the Prince of Hohenlohe in the person of a young girl of Brioude, seventeen years of age, who, during a whole fortnight, was in a state of agony, and nevertheless wrote verses on her condition. It is however ingeniously confessed, that of the two doctors who have attended the invalid,

one believes in the miracle, while the other ridicules it. This reminds us of the old line,

"Hippocrates says yes, but Galen says no."

A speculator has lately constructed a number of geographical snuff-boxes, each exhibiting a small map of Spain and Portugal. He will make his fortune if they are purchased by all politicians who can see no further than the length of their noses!

The weather seems to have been equally unseasonable during the whole summer nearly all over the Continent. In France it has been as wet as in our own moist climate; and in various parts of Germany and Italy there have been extraordinary falls of snow up to the eze of the dog days.

Peace and Plenty.—A friend writes us—"During a recent visit to the beautifully situated town of Totness in Devonshire, I was so much struck with the low prices of provisions there, that the following may become a curious though not quite a literary record in your Gazette:

"A young roasting pig and a handsome dish of fish just caught, enough for a party of eight persons, 3s. 2d.; a leg of mutton, sufficient for seven persons, 1s. 6d.; a roasting pig weighing 14lb. 2s. 6d.; a turbot weighing 22lb. 1s. 10d.; two pair of soles, 18 inches long, three large whittings and fourteen smaller ones, 1s. 6d.—For several weeks, 10s. 6d. per week was sufficient for the liberal supply of meat from the butcher for a most respectable family consisting of fourteen persons."

Preservation of Fish, &c.—For ensuring the sweetness of fish conveyed by land-carriage, the belly of the fish should be opened, and the internal parts sprinkled with powdered charcoal.—The same material will restore impure or even putrescent water to a state of perfect freshness. The inhabitants of Cadix, who are necessitated to keep in tanks the water for culinary uses, were first indebted to our informant, during the late Peninsula war, for the foregoing simple yet efficacious remedy of an evil which they had long endured.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST:  
Memoirs of the Wernerian Society, Vol. 4, Part 2, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Home's Comparative Anatomy, Vols. 3 & 4, 4to. 7l. 7s.; large paper 11l. 10s.—History of Alexander's Successors, 2 vols. 12mo. 8s.—Tales of Boys as they are, 18mo. 2s.—Memoirs of Philip de Comines, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—Hooper's Memoirs of the Rev. W. Evans, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Heauton et Degre, 4 vols. 18mo. 12s.—Reason and Revelation, 12mo. 4s.—An Inquiry into the Accordancy of War with Christianity, 8vo. 5s.—Burgess' Three Catechisms, 12mo. 6s.—Lockhart's Idioms of the Greek Language, 12mo. 3s.—Guy's Arithmetic, 12mo. 3s.

#### METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

JULY.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 24	from 51 to 66	29.56 to 29.72
Friday . . . . . 25	from 44 to 65	29.76 to 29.62
Saturday . . . 26	from 49 to 64	29.54 to 29.62
Sunday . . . . . 27	from 45 to 68	29.70 to 29.80
Monday . . . . . 28	from 51 to 69	29.80 to 29.76
Tuesday . . . 29	from 52 to 65	29.74 to 29.70
Wednesday . 30	from 50 to 69	29.70 to 29.73
Prevailing winds, SW. and NW.—Generally cloudy and showery.—Rain fallen, 5 of an inch.		
Thursday . . 31	from 53 to 68	29.79 to 29.90
Friday, Aug. 1	from 43 to 68	29.90 to 30.01
Saturday . . . 2	from 53 to 65	29.98 to 29.87
Sunday . . . . . 3	from 58 to 67	29.80 to 29.65
Monday . . . . . 4	from 52 to 65	29.58 to 29.63
Tuesday . . . . 5	from 50 to 67	29.71 to 29.75
Wednesday . 6	from 42 to 66	29.74 to 29.77
Prevailing wind SW.—Generally cloudy; showery at times; much rain on Sunday.		
Rain fallen, 2.25 of an inch.		

ERRATUM.—In the lines, "Go dig ye a tomb," in our last Number, for luxury pants read luxury pants.

## ADVERTISEMENT

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